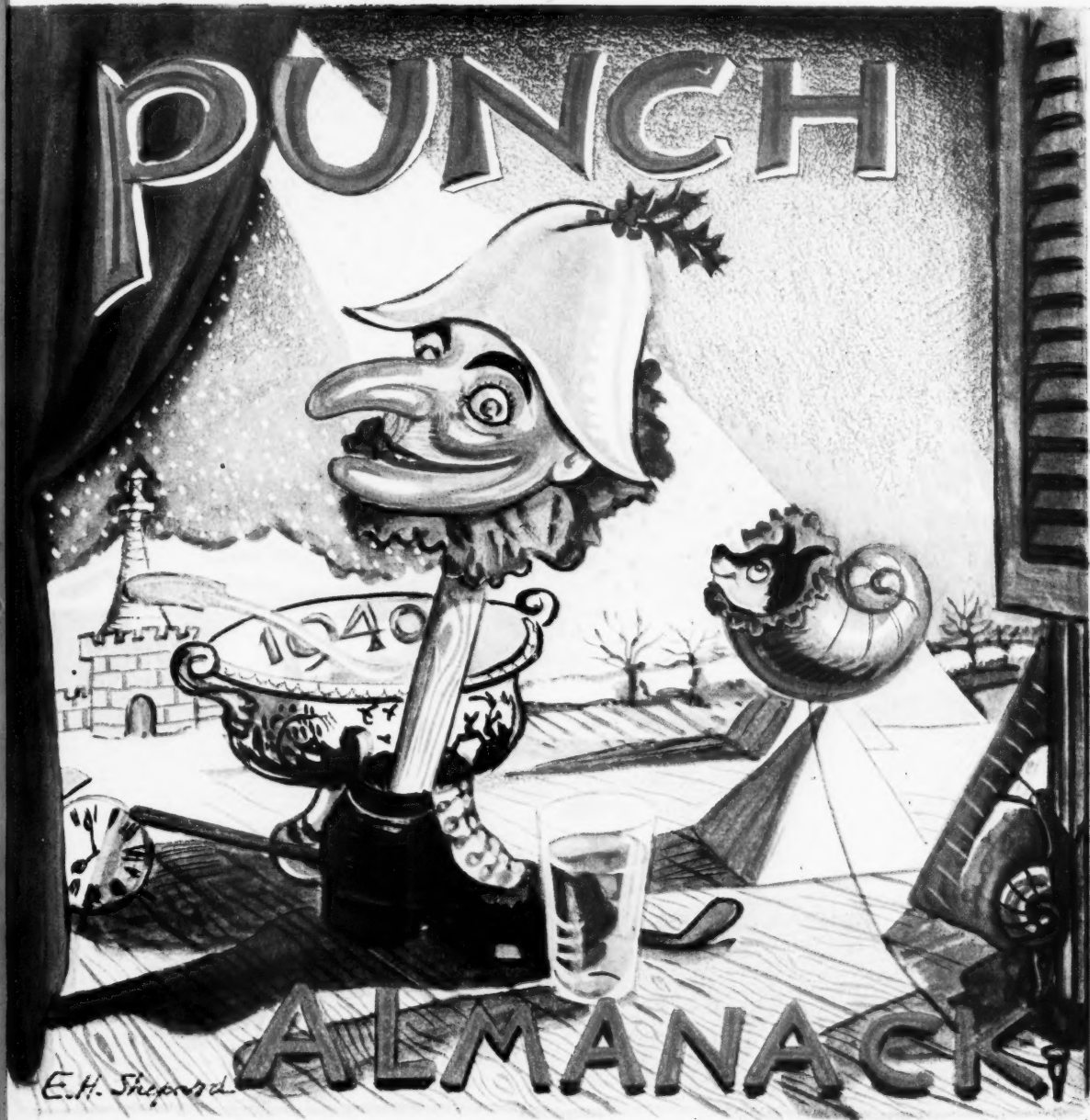


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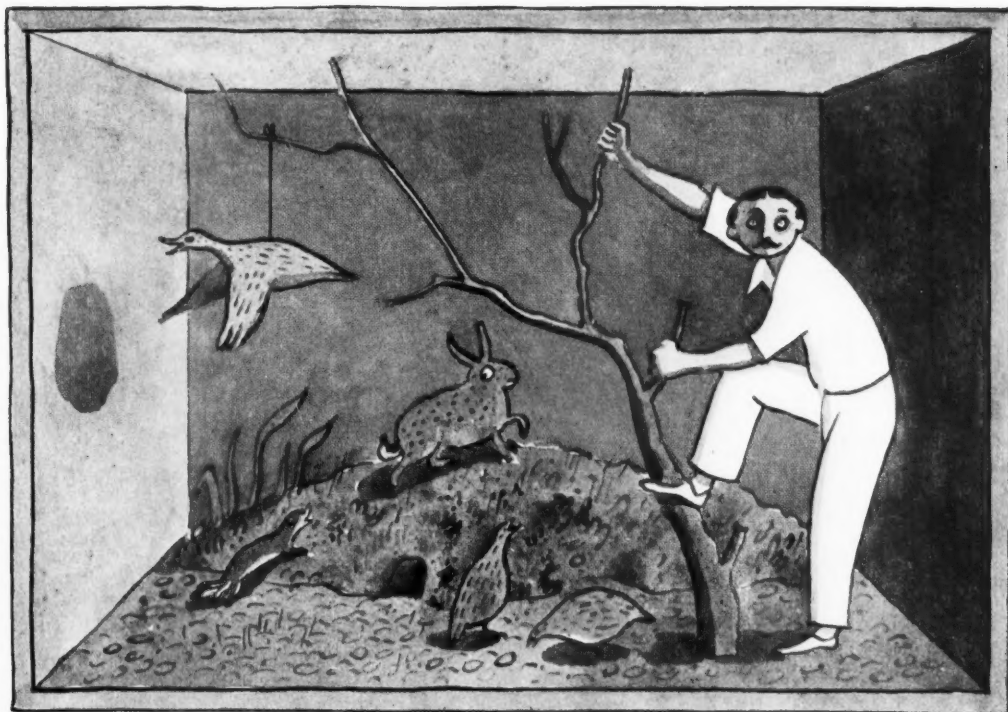


CALENDAR - 1940

January	February	March	April	May	June
S ... 7.14.21.28	S ... 4.11.18.25	S ... 3.10.17.24.31	S ... 7.14.21.28	S ... 5.12.19.26	S ... 2. 9.16.23.30
M ... 1. 8.15.22.29	M ... 5.12.19.26	M ... 4.11.18.25...	M ... 1. 8.15.22.29	M ... 6.13.20.27	M ... 3.10.17.24...
Tu ... 2. 9.16.23.30	Tu ... 6.13.20.27	Tu ... 5.12.19.26...	Tu ... 2. 9.16.23.30	Tu ... 7.14.21.28	Tu ... 4.11.18.25...
W ... 3.10.17.24.31	W ... 7.14.21.28	W ... 6.13.20.27...	W ... 3.10.17.24...	W ... 1. 8.15.22.29	W ... 5.12.19.26...
Th ... 4.11.18.25...	Th ... 1. 8.15.22.29	Th ... 7.14.21.28...	Th ... 4.11.18.25...	Th ... 2. 9.16.23.30	Th ... 6.13.20.27...
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S ... 6.13.20.27...	S ... 3.10.17.24...	S ... 2.9.16.23.30...	S ... 6.13.20.27...	S ... 4.11.18.25...	S ... 1.8.15.22.29...
July	August	September	October	November	December
S ... 7.14.21.28	S ... 4.11.18.25	S ... 1. 8.15.22.29	S ... 6.13.20.27	S ... 3.10.17.24	S ... 1. 8.15.22.29
M ... 1. 8.15.22.29	M ... 5.12.19.26	M ... 2. 9.16.23.30	M ... 7.14.21.28	M ... 4.11.18.25	M ... 2. 9.16.23.30
Tu ... 2. 9.16.23.30	Tu ... 6.13.20.27	Tu ... 3.10.17.24...	Tu ... 1. 8.15.22.29	Tu ... 5.12.19.26	Tu ... 3.10.17.24.31
W ... 3.10.17.24.31	W ... 7.14.21.28	W ... 4.11.18.25...	W ... 2. 9.16.23.30	W ... 6.13.20.27	W ... 4.11.18.25...
Th ... 4.11.18.25...	Th ... 1. 8.15.22.29	Th ... 5.12.19.26...	Th ... 3.10.17.24.31	Th ... 7.14.21.28	Th ... 5.12.19.26...
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S ... 6.13.20.27...	S ... 3.10.17.24.31	S ... 7.14.21.28...	S ... 5.12.19.26...	S ... 2. 9.16.23.30	S ... 7.14.21.28...



"Sir Charles and Lady Battleaxe"



SOME NORTHERN ANIMALS IN THEIR SUMMER AND WINTER DRESS

(With apologies to the Natural History Museum)



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Panther Piedish and the Neutrals

"As you know," said the man at the Ministry of Information to Panther Piedish, "Octagonia is neutral."

He regarded Piedish narrowly, but smiled broadly—an interesting feat that made his face appear to be on the point of disintegration.

"Yes," Piedish replied. He was by now resigned to the fact that the Ministry of Information usually told him what he knew already.

"We rely on you," went on the official, reassembling his expression; "to change all that. Need I say more?"

Although much discontented at being removed from the Air Force by the Secret Service (which would never let him keep a steady job), Piedish said "No." He then groped his way out through a fog of unconfirmed rumours and withdrew.

It may be asked why this took place at the Ministry of Information instead of the Foreign Office, and it may be answered that everybody knows where the Foreign Office is, whereas if it weren't for the clever taxi-drivers nobody would ever find the Ministry of Information.

Changing his course as often as that part of the Hoang-Ho that flows through Shan-Tung, Piedish eventually reached Octagonia in the guise of a Hexagonian musical-instrument dealer. He was welcomed; for, owing to the war, almost all the constituents of musical instruments had been rationed, and they were few and expensive.

"What this country needs is a good ten-cent tzigane," observed Piedish's informant.

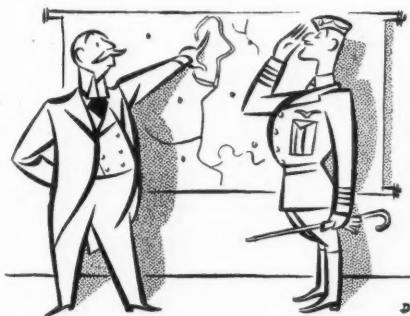
Piedish took a small stringed instrument out of his bag and strummed a tentative chord. He had no ear for music at all, but fortunately the man he was talking to had none either. This was a little man with a Roman nose who had fallen down a coal-hole when young. The experience had left an indelible mark on him; for he had remained for several days inextricably wedged in the coal-hole, and his sister had had to bring out all his meals on a small varnished wooden tray with brass handles. He was often now to be heard saying, "When I was in my coal-hole" or "In my pre-coal-hole days," and when his sister . . . but I don't know why I'm telling you all this. His name was Creosote.

"That looks all right," he said at the sight of Piedish's miniature banjo. "Can you sell us a few million of those, cheap?"

"Certainly," said Piedish. "But the trouble is the question of transport. How are we to get them here, both our countries being surrounded by belligerents? My—h'm—beloved Hexagonia—"

"How did you get here?"

Piedish gave a pitying smile. "There is an old Chinese proverb," he said quietly (he spoke quietly for much the



"We rely on you to change all that."

same reason as makes the waiter fold the bill so that you can't read it), "to the effect that a man by himself can pass undetected through a gap where forty million mouth-organs might attract some little attention."

"I see your point," said Mr. Creosote. "Come with me to the Ministry of Commerce and we will consider what ought to be done. The Minister is a friend of mine."

Piedish at first had reason to regret this, for he found that whenever Mr. Creosote encountered the Minister of Commerce they always spent the first ten minutes talking of nothing but how they had managed to miss each other

yesterday (or whenever it was they had last failed to meet). However, ten minutes is only ten minutes (don't you agree?), and eventually the Minister, a tall distinguished-looking man who wore his trousers creased at the side, like Turkish cigarettes, asked what he could do for his visitors.

Piedish was by now away in a corner of the room looking at a map, but Mr. Creosote stated their business. "It's half to do with you, and half with the Minister for Culture," he observed in conclusion.

"That rat!" exclaimed the Minister of Commerce bitterly. "Then I won't touch it."



"Inextricably wedged in the coal-hole."

"Come, come, now, Jeremiah," said Mr. Creosote (the Minister's name was Jeremiah. "There hasn't been a decent first name in our family for hundreds of years," he used to say). "Is that the kind of spirit—"

He was interrupted by confused sounds from the street: shots, explosions, yells, boos, cheers, hisses, and a fluctuating or "warbling" signal of varying pitch. Piedish went to the window, saying "What's all that?"

"Oh, just a riot," said the Minister indifferently. "We have them every day. Can you see what colour their armlets are mostly?"

"Green."

"That's the Number Two War Party. They want us to enter the war on the side of Britain and France. Any brown ones about?"

"I can see one or two," Piedish said.

"That's the Number One War Party. They want us to come in on the German side. We get a riot one way or the other every day . . . Don't you have the same trouble in Hexagonia?"

"Sympathies there," said Piedish sternly, "are all on the side of Britain and France."

"Really? You don't say. Strictly between ourselves I'm a Number One man myself. Ah, well, nothing 'll bring us in on either side short of a violated trade agreement, if you ask me. We're a commercially-minded lot here, you know."

Piedish recognised this instantly as the sort of remark that ought to give him an idea, but he didn't get one. How could he bring about the violation of a trade agreement between Germany and Octagonia? But still his mind kept repeating, with the insistence of a concert advertisement, that that was one thing he should try to do. That, and support the Number Two War Party, the Greens . . . It was a pity that they sounded as if they belonged on a menu.

Mr. Creosote impatiently brought them back to business. "Look now, about these musical instruments," he said. "It's a question of transport. If—"

"No," the Minister said firmly. "If it involves talking with the Minister for Culture, I won't do it."

It seemed to be a deadlock. "The touch of a woman's hand," said Mr. Creosote, "is needed," and he opened a cupboard and brought out the Commerce Ministry's resident adventuress, a beautiful raven-haired woman who spent all her time in evening dress (which ran into money, by George).

The Minister of Commerce seemed a little upset. "It isn't fair to unloose Connie on me," he complained in a low voice. "Oh, well, I'll do it. Go 'way, Connie. I've made a separate peace."

Connie looked disappointed and made for Piedish, emitting purring sounds; but just at this moment another riot broke out below.

"Damn it all, a fellow gets no quiet," said the Minister, pettishly casting to the floor a statuette of Sir Henry Bessemer.

"It's the Browns this time," remarked Mr. Creosote, looking out of the window.

Meanwhile Piedish had established contact with Connie. "Do you sympathise with the Allied cause?" he asked her.

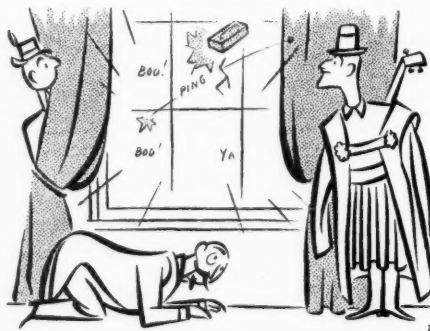
"Certainly," she purred. "What is it?"

Thinking quickly, Piedish realised that there were few opportunities in this direction. If Connie were to help him, it would have to be without her knowledge. And even so, how could she help? It was all too obvious that her abilities, though powerful, were limited in scope.

"I suppose they don't allow you to know members of the Number Two War Party," he suggested.

"Oh, all my friends are Greens," she said. "It's the smart thing."

This sounded a bit better. And she went on: "I'm going to a crush with some to-night. Come with me? Plenty to drink."



"What's all that?"

"All right," Piedish said: He knew what the drink would be like, but duty called.

Thus it was that that night Piedish might have been seen (except for the black-out—the capital of Octagonia is very near the frontier) escorting Connie into the dimly-lit entrance of a dance-hall which she had assured him was a hotbed of Green activity. Close on his heels trotted little Mr. Creosote, anxiously demanding further particulars about the dispatch from Hexagonia of four million small musical instruments. Piedish was evasive.

"Never mind that now," he said over his shoulder. "We're taking the evening off from business."

The hall was crowded. At the far end was an orchestra playing mostly on instruments made from cardboard, bits of stale bread, sausage-skins and similar makeshift devices, but nevertheless producing what might hesitatingly have been called a tune. All the people present seemed to be having a lively time, and when Mr. Creosote had been thrown out (for he was not in evening dress) Piedish took the adventuress on to the floor and they began to gyrate.

After a time she said to him, "Do you dance?"

This was an old one, but Piedish had not heard it before. Indeed he did not hear it now, for the orchestra-leader brought the dance to an end with a resounding chord and came to the front of the platform with his arms outstretched. When silence had half-fallen he said, in a voice full of emotion:

"My very dear friends."

Everybody in the hall was hanging on his words. He went on: "And here is an announcement which has just come in. Conditions on the London Stock Exchange to-day were—"

The rest of this announcement was drowned in a chorus of yells, and the hall began to empty immediately.

With feigned unconcern Piedish said to Connie "I suppose that was a code message."



"Connie . . . made for Piedish."

"Oh, yes," she replied. "It's always happening. They all go off and have a riot somewhere. Usually it means some new country's declared war, or something."

Piedish heard a passing estate-agent pronounce the word "Hexagonia" and jumped immediately to the conclusion that happened to be the right one. Hexagonia had declared war on Germany!

What was to be done now?

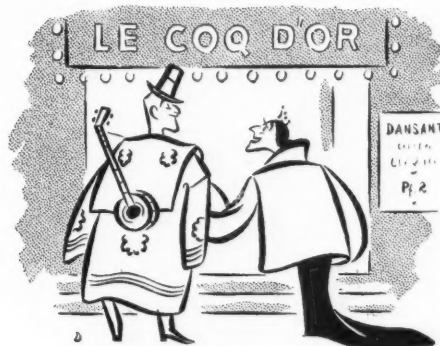
At this moment Mr. Creosote, who had borrowed a dinner-jacket from a man who had left the dance-hall because his feet hurt, appeared panting at Piedish's side and said: "How soon can you guarantee delivery?"

Piedish began to be annoyed by Mr. Creosote. "I can't guarantee delivery," he said loudly. "In fact the whole thing strikes me as absurd," and he went out in the wake of a small bunch of Greens, paying no attention to the baffled cries of Connie, who was insisting that there was a lot more beer left, or to Mr. Creosote, who was plucking at his coat.

"Sir! You can't mean what you say!" Mr. Creosote called above the din, trotting at Piedish's side in his intermittently fitting dinner-jacket. "This is a commercial undertaking than which, I think I may say without fear of—"

Piedish took no notice. They were by now out in the pitch-dark street, and although he stuck as close to his bunch of Greens as caper sauce (ha! ha!), Mr. Creosote lost him at once.

From their dimly-lit conversation, Piedish learned that these Greens were on the way to the Ministry of Commerce (the Minister being a notorious Brown) to break windows



"Escorting Connie."

and raise hell generally. What was the best thing for him to do?

The question is rhetorical, as in "I looked over Jordan and what did I see?" for as hell-raising was what Piedish liked doing best, he had already decided to go and assist them by every means in his power. After all, it was in aid of the good old cause . . . He followed them, joining amicably in their yells for what seemed to be hours.

At last he ran into them suddenly and realised they had stopped outside some large building. Hundreds more



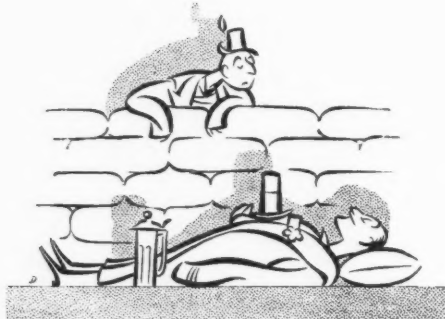
"Mr. Creosote . . . borrowed a dinner-jacket."

people were about. A man began to play Schubert's *Serenade* on a saw, and at this signal nearly everyone began to make some kind of noise and call out slogans. Revolvers were fired into the air, meat-bones were flung through windows, matches were struck, and all concerned had a fine time for some moments.

Then the rattle of hooves (supplied by effects-men riding on the running-boards) announced the arrival of cars and lorries full of soldiers and police.

Fighting broke out, though little could be seen of it. Many of the rioters escaped, but about a hundred were arrested. Panther Piedish, who had early been hit on the head by a meat-bone thrown out of the building again by some indignant person within, was fortunately not among them; he had rolled unconscious behind some sandbags. He was dreaming he was a mustard-adjuster (you know how dreams are).

He was thus spared, until he read the papers the next morning, the galling discovery that he had actually been raising hell in the company of a lot of Browns.



"... unconscious behind some sandbags."

His gloom at this news had not lifted when Mr. Creosote appeared again, still wearing his dinner-jacket, and struck an attitude.

"For the last time," Mr. Creosote said, sneezing, "when will you guarantee delivery?"

Piedish was in no mood for this. "Go away," he said. "I wash my hands of the whole thing."

Mr. Creosote struck another attitude (to ease the strain under the arms).

"Very well," he said sternly. "I am now on my way to lay the situation before my Government. They will know how to reply to perfidious Hexagonia."

The significance of this did not strike Panther Piedish

until Mr. Creosote had gone. Hexagonia had declared war on Germany; and now, if Octagonia wanted to declare war on Hexagonia, why—

Piedish dashed out into the street. "Which way did he go?" he cried to a passing ice-cream salesman.

"Who?" replied the man . . .

An hour or two later the blow fell. From lip to lip, and back again, began to flash the news that Octagonia had declared war on the Allied Powers.

At first Piedish refused to believe it; but after a time the news was officially denied, and he could no longer be in doubt.

It was a sad and disappointed man that (in the guise of a Tetrahedronian musical-instrument dealer) retraced his dangerous steps to Britain two days later.

He went at once to the Ministry of Information and sought out the official he had seen before. He stood with bowed head.

"Tis not," he muttered brokenly, "in mortals to command success."

The official said "What?"

"Tis not in mortals to command success. You know, Shakespeare, they tell me."

"Who?"

"Shakespeare. Oh, well. I did my best."

The official looked up and at last realised who he was. "Yes, yes, old boy," he said soothingly. "That's all right. Give this to the cashier on your way out," he added, scribbling on a slip of paper.

As one in a dream, Piedish read: "For services rendered. Pay to bearer—"

"But what's this?" he cried. "Octagonia has declared war on us, and still you pay me—"

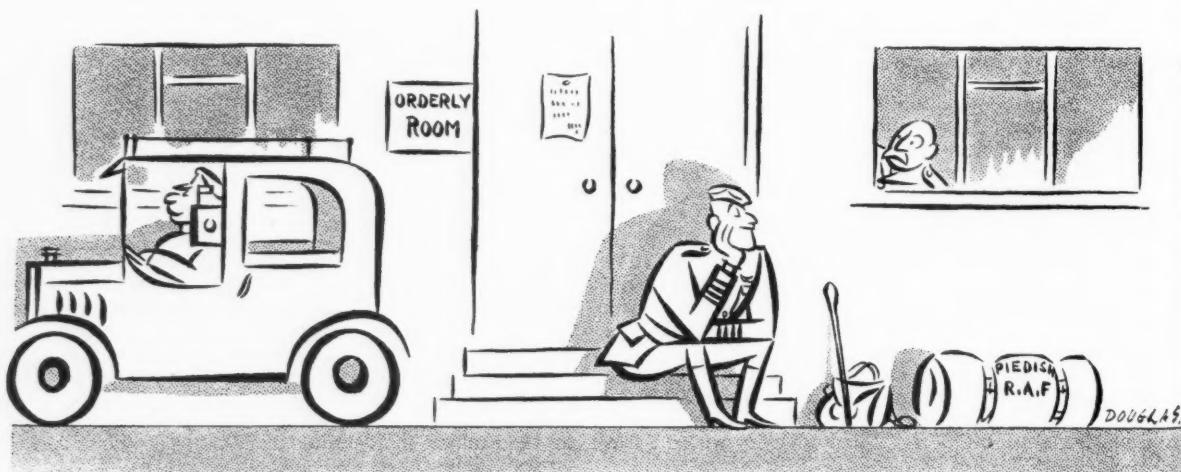
"Of course that's what we wanted, old boy," the official said brightly. "Germany can't last much longer with Octagonia as an ally. Octagonia would gum up anybody's works. Thanks a lot. We knew you'd do it."

"But—" Piedish paused. Should he confess that it had happened in spite and not because of his efforts? Should he admit that he had put his foot in the whole situation?

In any event of course the Ministry knew this and had been counting on it all the time.

Panther Piedish kept silence; and who shall blame him? He went back to the Air Force. There they were taken sharply by surprise, for they had been hoping that they had got rid of him for good.

R. M.



WAR SONG



"We don't want to fight but . . ."



"Hearts of Oak are . . ."



"It's all Sir Garnet! all Sergarnio! . . ."



"He's an absent-minded beggar . . ."



"Jack's the Boy . . ."



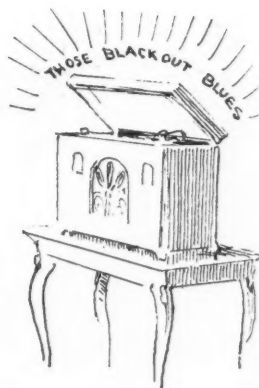
"Ob! Tommy, Tommy Atkins . . ."



"Pack up your troubles . . ."



"It's the Navy . . ."



* * * *



"Mr. McBirney, do we have pocket-knives with tools for getting stones out of reindeers' hooves?"

DOUGLAS.



MEETING THE FAMILY—I



"This is Mummy—



and Daddy—



and Granny—



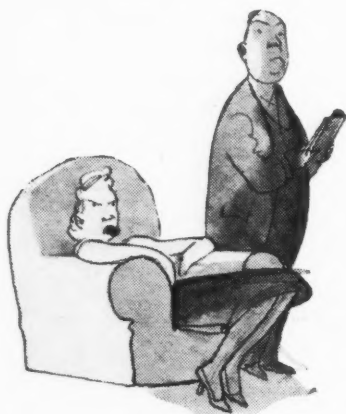
and Auntie B.—



and Uncle Tom—



and my brother Alec—



*and my sister Winifred and her
husband Jack—*



and little Stuart—



and dear old Emily—

MEETING THE FAMILY—II



—and Mary, my little sister—



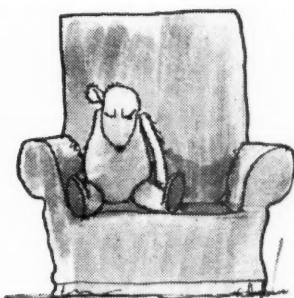
and darling Mrs. Perks—



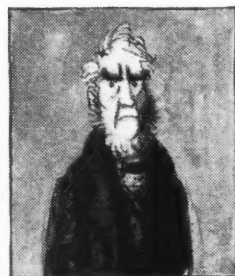
and Cousin Clara—



and my eldest brother, Robert—



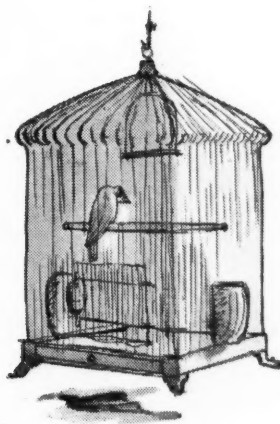
and Mr. Bossy-Wing—



and Great-Grandfather Foster—

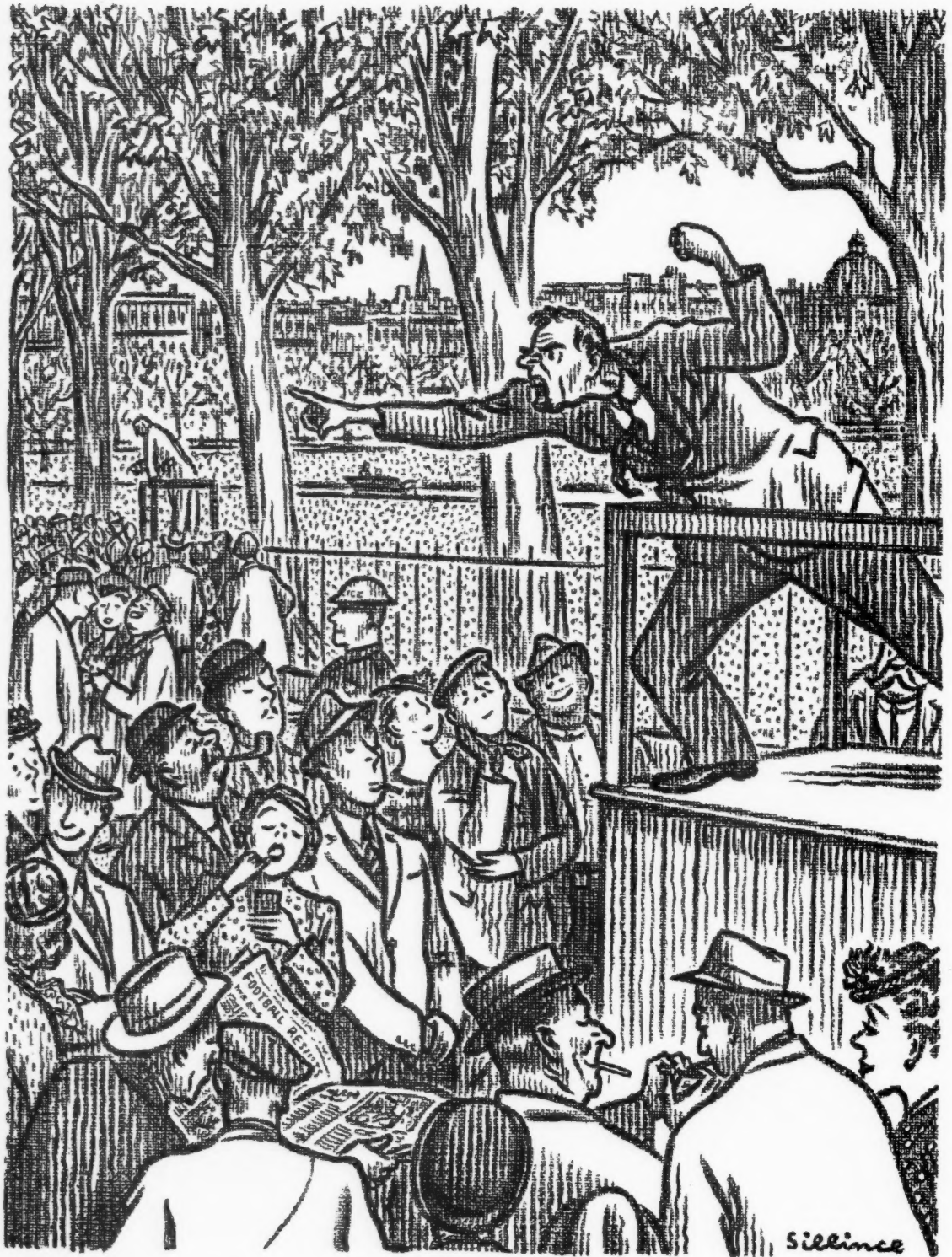


and Towzer—



and Dickey . . .

Now, darling, whatever is the matter?"

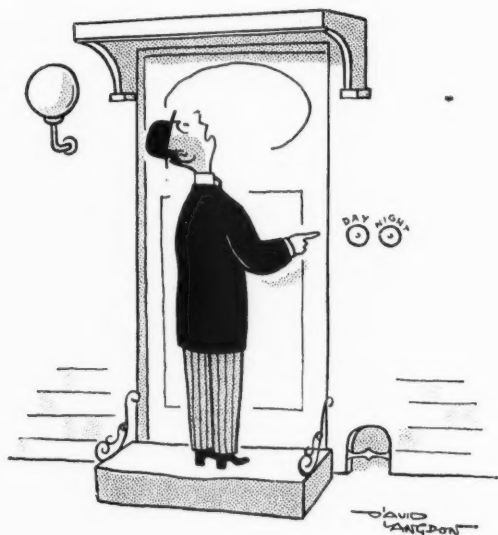


Sillince

"And what have we done? We have allowed ourselves to become the victims of mass hysteria!"

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"I'm so sorry, Doctor, I must have pressed the night bell by mistake."

Ah, the English!

AND now, Upper Fourth Remove, I dare say you've heard your parents talking at breakfast and that you know England is at war. What I want to speak to you about this morning is the part that you can all play in winning this war. Eating your stewed prunes is going to count, Joan Williams, and I hope every one of you is going to play the game when it comes to Sunday night blancmange. It's exactly that sort of thing which shows what the English are really made of—and if you see anything to laugh about in that, Mary and Deborah, I can only say that you're showing a most un-English spirit, and not at all the kind of thing that the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax have in mind when they talk about a united nation.

"Then there's the question of your gas-masks. Don't leave them about carelessly. Two have been found in the cricket pavilion already, and several more in the bathrooms. There's no necessity whatever to take your gas-masks into the bathrooms, and you'll find that extra pegs have been put up in the cloak-room to hang them on. As for the girl who sat on her gas-mask in chapel, I shall leave

Miss Hoarhound to deal with her. It's that sort of irresponsible behaviour that lowers the whole tone of the Form and may very likely end by losing us the war.

"I shall expect punctual attendance at air-raid practices, girls, and portable gramophones are *not* going to be allowed in the shelters. Miss Hoarhound is perfectly definite about that. But I do think—and she agrees with me—that a little community-singing would help to pass the time nicely for all of us, and at choir-practice to-night we're going to make a special effort to get up "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "Early One Morning."

"I shall rely on all of you to co-operate in our nightly black-out, and there's no excuse whatever for the girl who takes an electric torch to bed with her in order to read under the bed-clothes. It would be bad enough if it were really good, fine literature, but when it comes to one film magazine after another, I can only say that that kind of thing is quite unworthy of the English character in general and of the great traditions of the Upper Fourth Remove in particular.

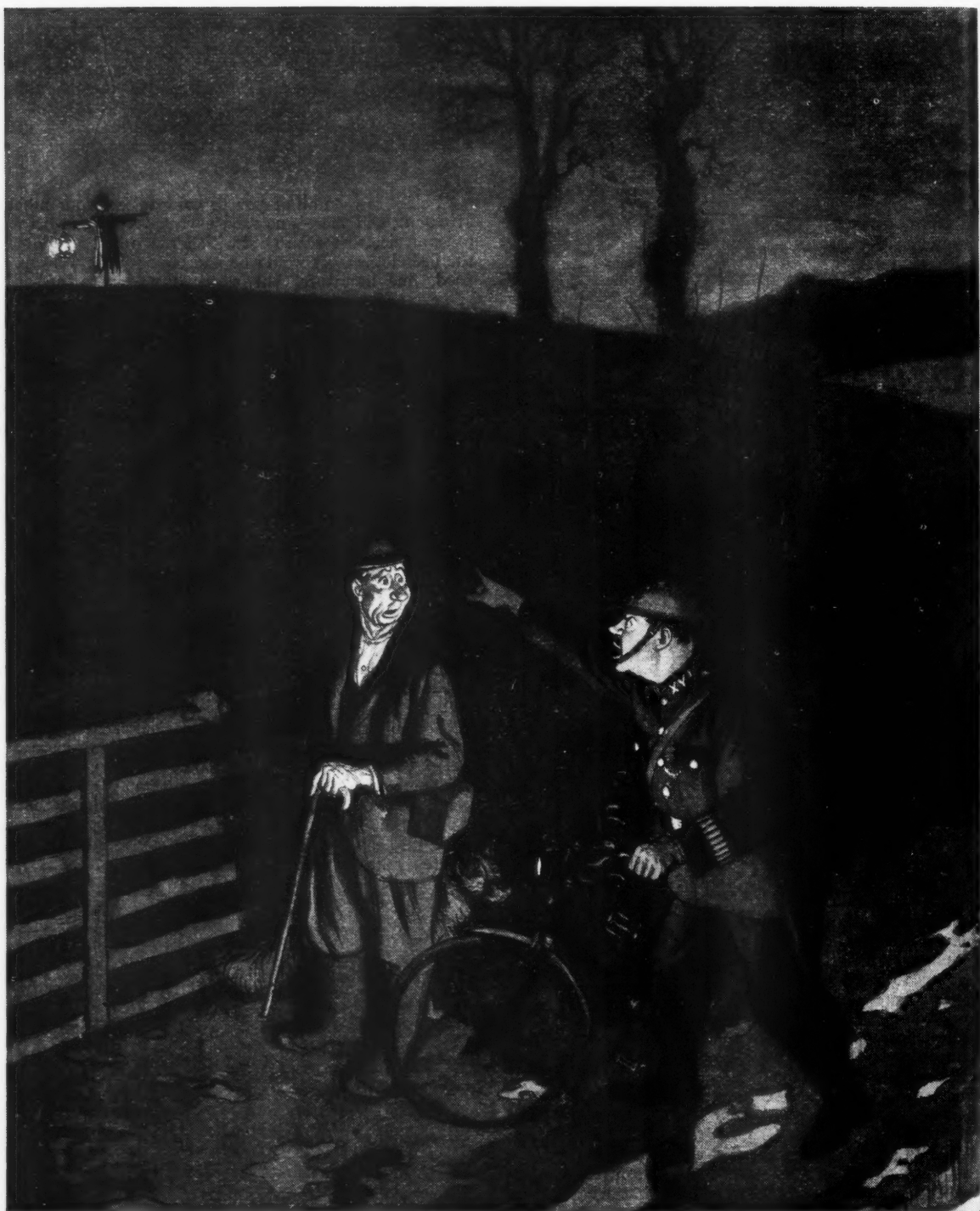
"Muriel Manger, a girl who chooses a time like this in which to eat nut-milk chocolate is deliberately playing into Hitler's hands. Neither more nor less. Don't let me have to speak to you again.

"Now, if you'll all remember that you're here to *win the war* we shall do better than we did last term. The end-of-term examination results were far from satisfactory, and I shall expect much more attention to be given to music, domestic science, algebra and eurythmics in particular. It's little things of that kind—and I may as well tell you, Elizabeth, that I am *including* proper attention to the use of a nail-brush—little things of that kind that are going to count when it comes to supporting our National Government and our fighting forces at home and overseas.

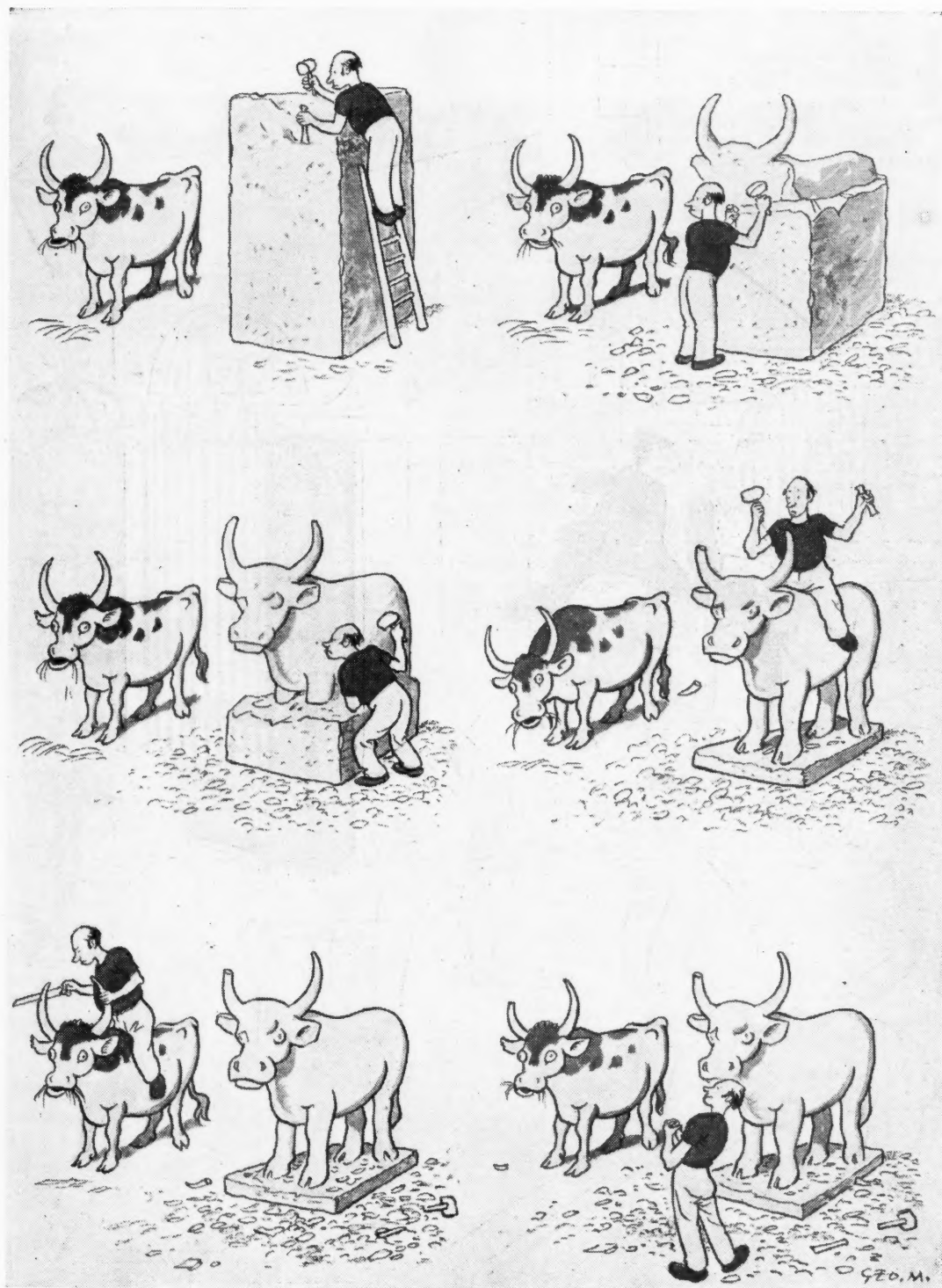
"I shan't say this again, Upper Fourth Remove, so I hope you've been giving me your full attention—instead of trying to catch a perfectly harmless wasp, Anne and Caroline, and it'll be your own fault if you get badly stung—and that you'll remember that the international situation lies to all intents and purposes in your hands. I only hope you'll all keep it in mind and go quietly and in single file to fetch your eleven o'clock cocoa." E. M. D.



"Dear Sir,—Intelligence has just reached us . . ."



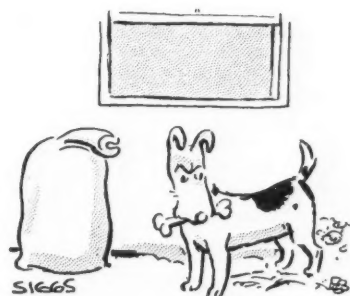
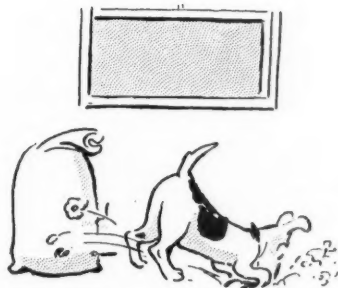
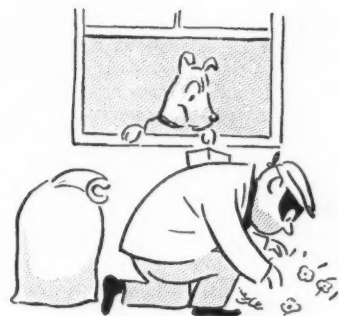
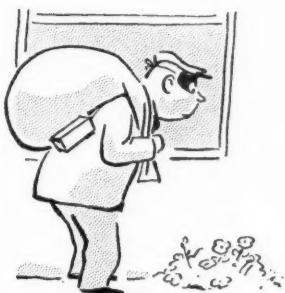
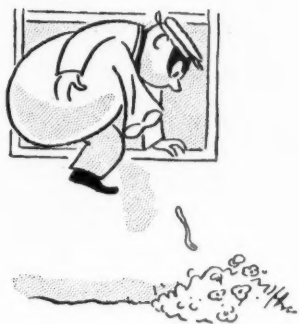
"But I put it to fool um—it'll draa um away from bombing the rickyard 'n' buildings."



THE RESOURCEFUL SCULPTOR



"Follow that car!"



SIGES

The Soul of Man

NOTHING can force this city's
gate,
Nor bayonet nor gun,
Nor any render desolate
Its moon and its bright sun;

Nor marching feet nor trumpet shout
Can make these ramparts fall,
Nor bring the unseen watcher out
That dwells behind the wall.

Nothing can break this city's peace,
Though cannon roar and rage,
And all things in the world have cease
That are known heritage.

Nothing of boast or battle din
Or the conqueror's hateful plan
Can ever reach the city within
That is the soul of man.

o o

Look at the Galeo- pithecus

IT is generally agreed by all thinking men, and especially by writers, that the stamina of the reading public to-day is vastly inferior to that of a generation or two ago. Whereas in Victorian times the ordinary man in the street thought nothing of reading a two-column leader in *The Times* from start to finish without a pause, at the present day no one who is not actually paid to do so will read more than sixty consecutive words unless he is egged on and artificially sustained by cross-headings, illustrations, or a vapid and irreflective style of writing. The need for pandering to the jaded palate of the public in this respect is clearly shown in the titles of present-day literary works as compared with those of the last century. Thus, the title of this little work should undoubtedly have been: "A Part developed in any Species in an extraordinary degree or manner, in comparison with the same Part in allied Species, tends to be highly variable." I am half ashamed of the concession to modern sensationalism that has led me to adopt the cruder and far less illuminating title that actually appears at the head of this article.

Eighty years ago a rising young naturalist named Charles Darwin, engaged in the composition of his work, *The Origin of Species*, was hampered by no such considerations; and when he had written a chapter which

obviously needed to be called: "A Part developed in any Species . . ." (and so on) "A Part . . ." (etc.) he hesitatingly named it, and his readers suffered no ill effects. That there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the title is shown by the fact that when on opening the book at random my eye fell upon this sentence, my interest was at once aroused. Mr. Darwin, I felt, was a man of sound judgment and a sense of proportion, who would not assign a title like that to a chapter that was in any respect sub-standard. Eagerly I read on; and with the very first sentence my expectations were more than fulfilled.

"Several years ago," begins Mr. Darwin, "I was much struck by a remark to the above effect, made by Mr. Waterhouse."

Almost anyone, I think, would have been struck by such a remark. It is the kind of remark we hear all too seldom in these degenerate days. Even in the 'fifties, when Mr. Waterhouse made it, it must have stood out a good deal from the surrounding conversation. The great naturalist is regrettably silent as to the circumstances in which the *bon mot* happened to be dropped; nor does he enlighten us as to the identity, or ever again mention the name, of Waterhouse. From the blackness of the unknown, Mr. Waterhouse bursts like a comet on the scene, and like a comet vanishes into the night. We do not know, and it may be now we never shall know,



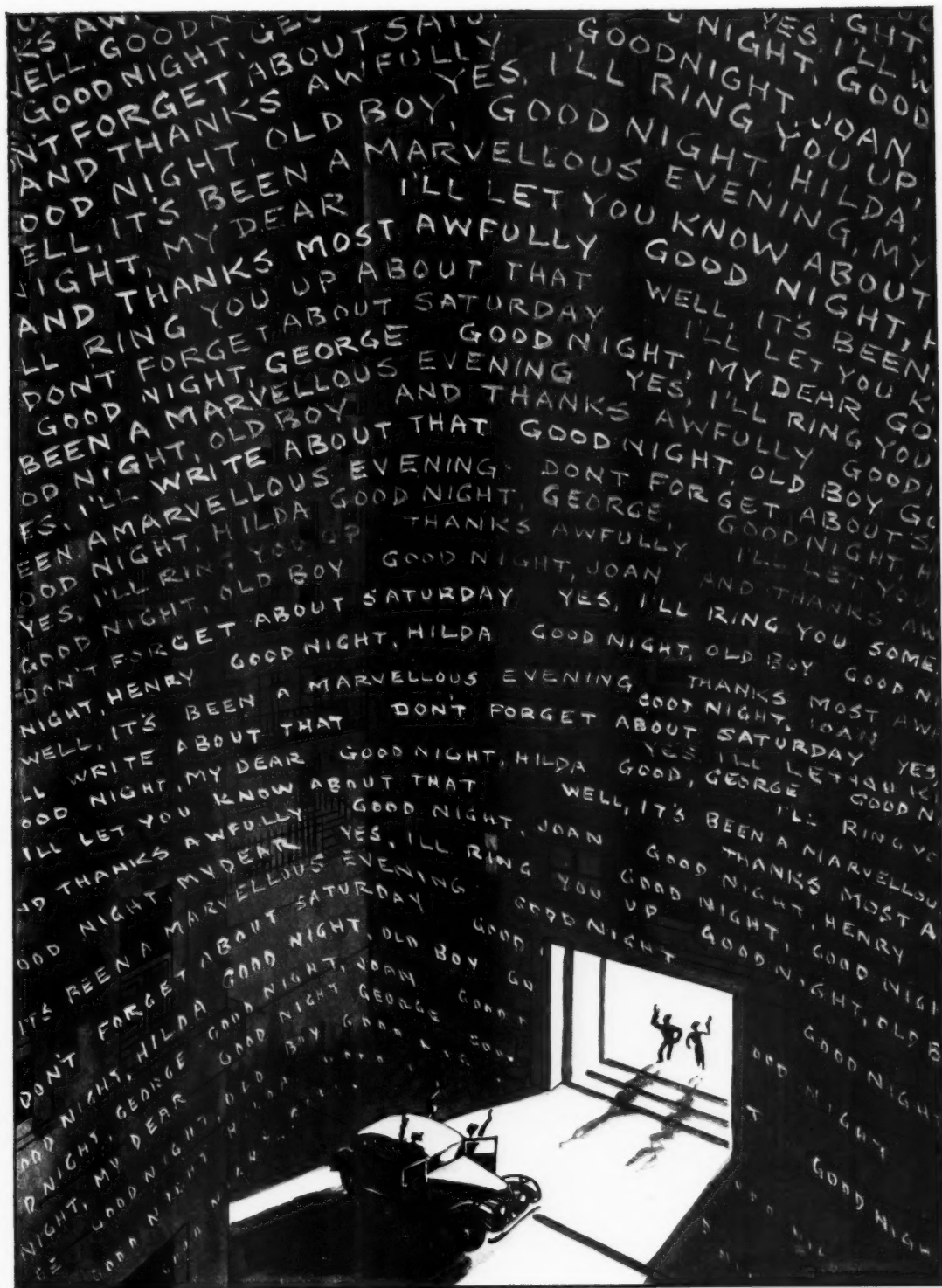
"War of Nerves! War of Nerves!
I haven't the slightest idea what they mean."

what Mr. Waterhouse looked like—whether he had mild blue eyes, wore pince-nez, and was tall and thin, with a slight stoop from much poring over books; whether he was a fierce little man with close-cropped hair and bristling eyebrows, who, as he uttered the memorable words, banged with his fist on the table till the coffee-cups clattered again; or whether he was neither of these things, but a young exquisite, a dilettante amateur of brilliant promise but lamentably wanting in application, who screwed his monocle into his eye, coolly surveyed Mr. Darwin from head to foot and remarked in an affected drawl: "A Part developed in any Species, Darwin, in an extraordinary degree or manner, in comparison with the same Part in allied Species, tends to be highly variable." And then, I imagine, he would very deliberately light a cigar.

But all this is mere speculation, and of the living and breathing Waterhouse who, less than a hundred years ago, spoke those remarkable words, there is little indeed that remains. Face, voice and figure; tricks of inflection, of carriage, of dress—all are gone, and only the name is left. Waterhouse—that was the fellow's name.

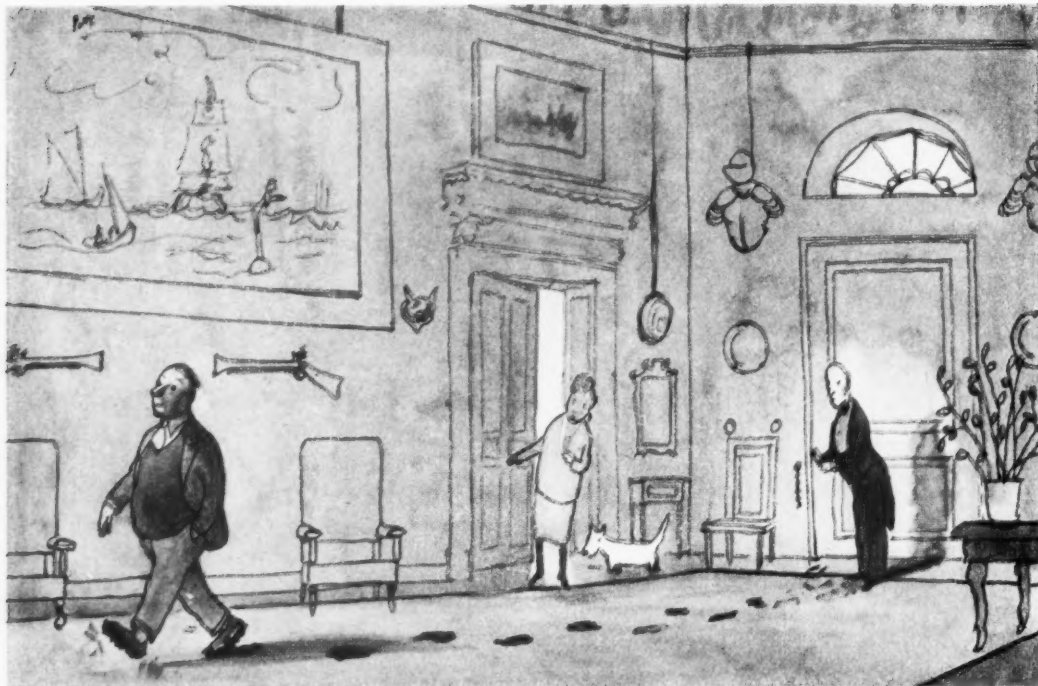
One other thing is certain, though: that the words, however lightly spoken—perhaps intended merely as a jest—fell on attentive ears and were not forgotten. Mr. Darwin's original and ingenious mind got to work, chewing up the massive sentence, swallowing and digesting it. Later on, when the time came to commit to paper the conclusions he had drawn, he acknowledged—truly great man that he was—that the thought in the first place was not his own but that of a gentleman named Waterhouse: a gentleman who thus, in a way perhaps little anticipated by himself, achieved an immortality which will last as long as books are printed. The whole thing reminds me irresistibly of the humble coral insect, and also, in some obscure way, of the Boy Scouts.

"Now," says Mr. Darwin (in an entirely different part of his work), "look at the Galeopithecus or so-called flying lemur." This, admittedly, is rather outside the scope of the present article and has only been dragged in to justify the title (you will remember that I was against that title from the start); but taking it by and large it is an excellent piece of advice, and those of you who are still awake might do worse than to take Mr. Darwin at his word.



NIGHTJAR

FOUR REASONS WHY I THINK IT IS UNLIKELY THAT I SHALL—



I



II

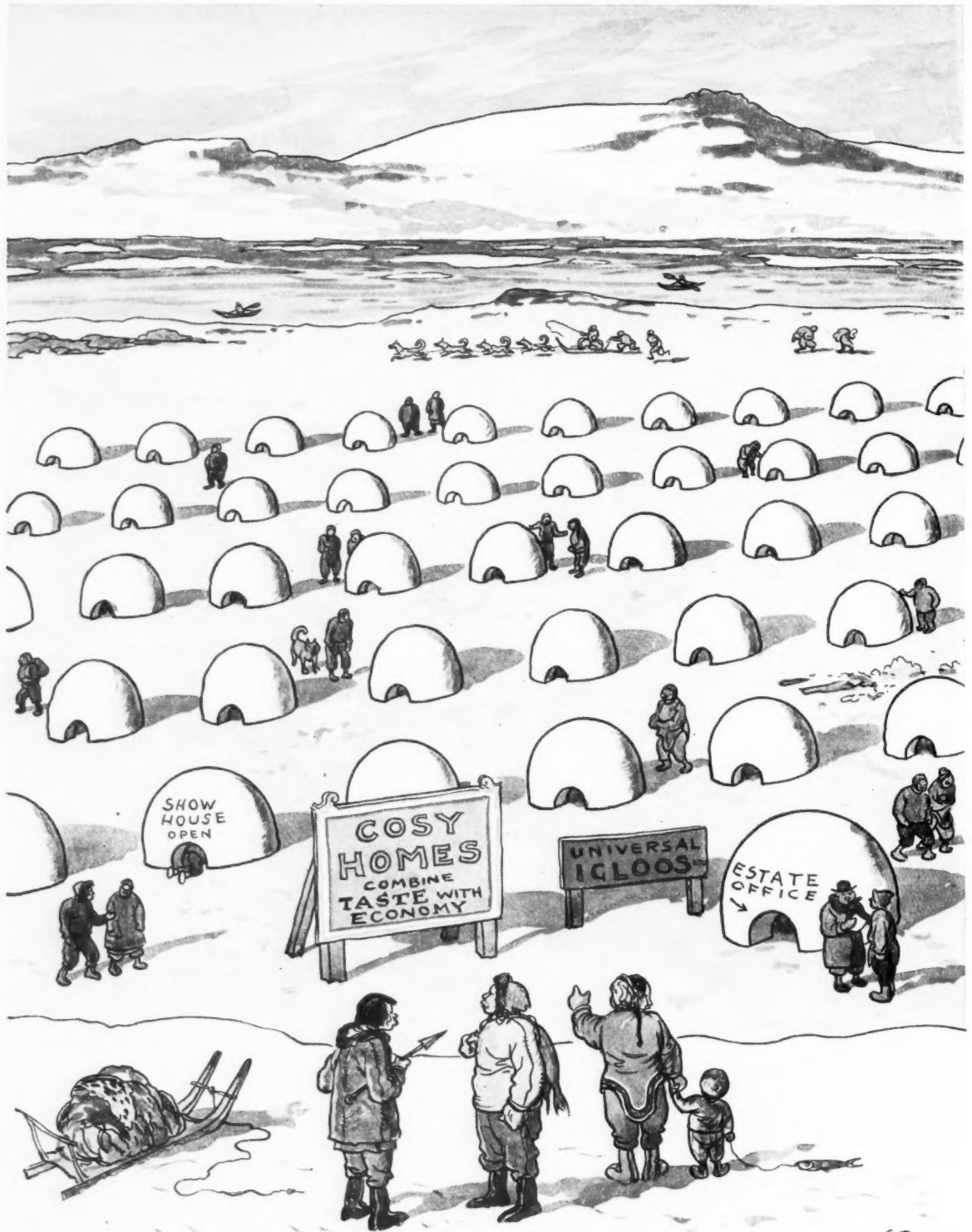
—EVER BE ASKED TO STAY AT FIDDLEMORE PLACE AGAIN



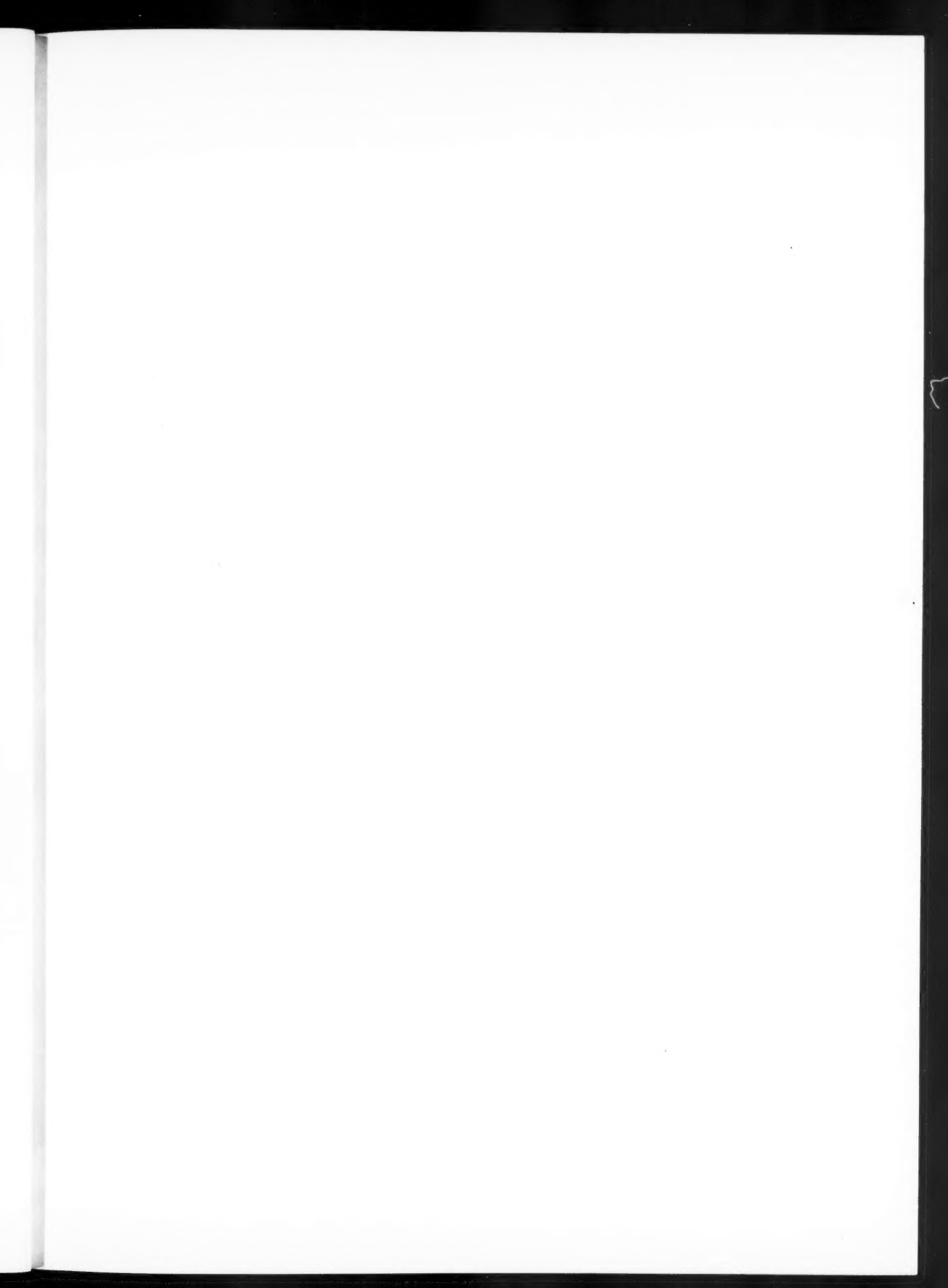
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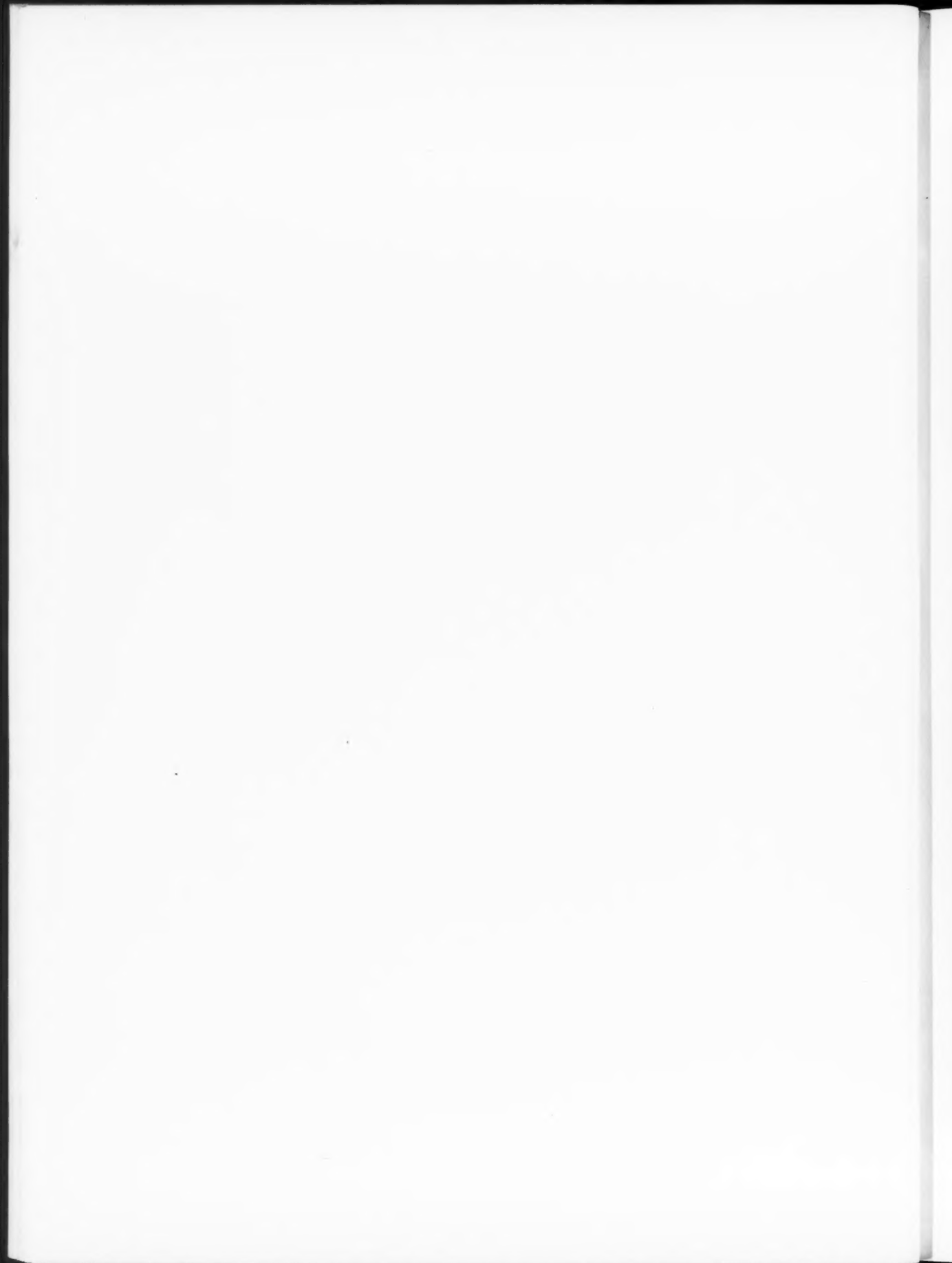


G.E.M.



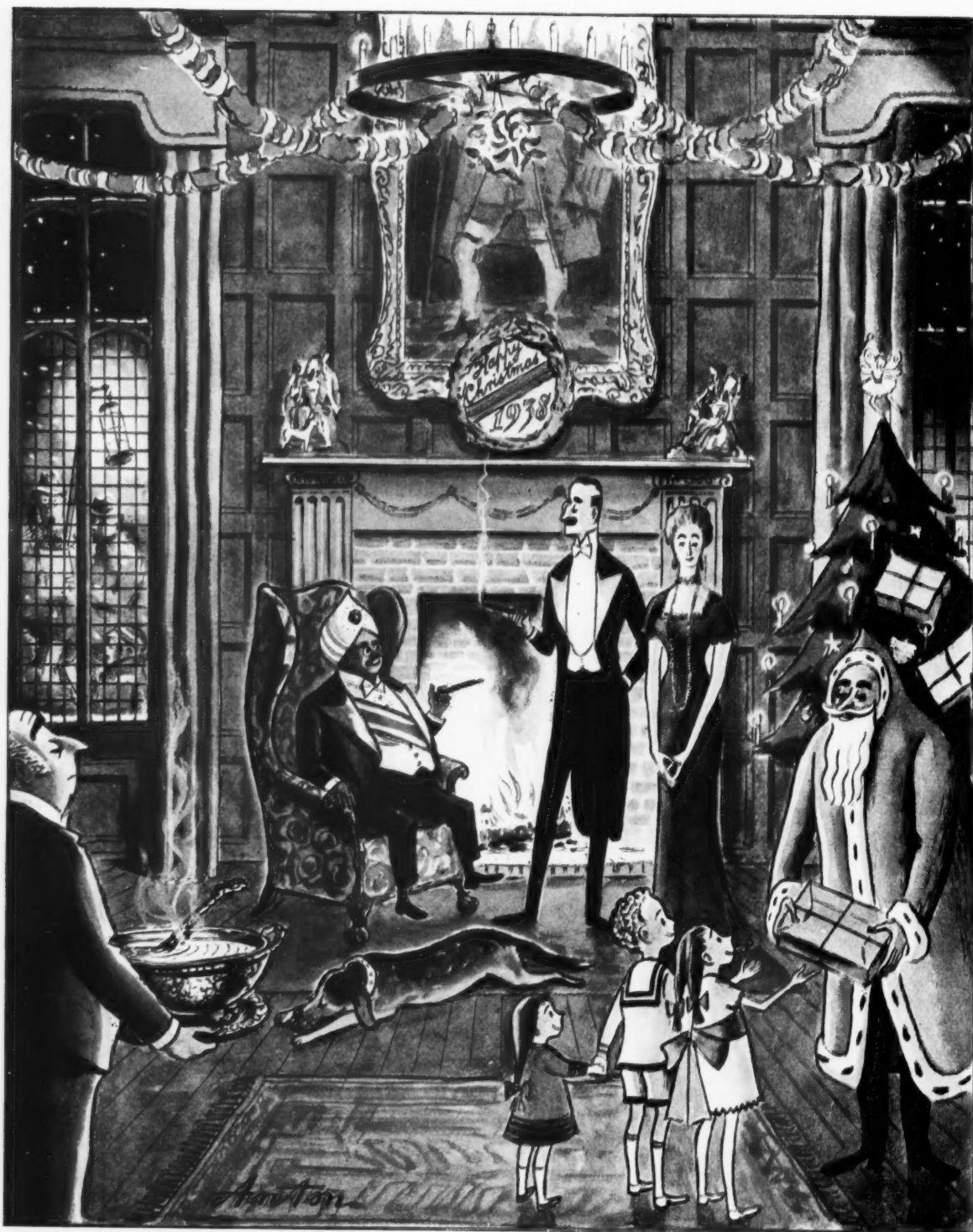








THE NOVICE



HOSPITALITY—





"... and this is my husband in fancy dress."

Hospital

HOSPITAL is a grand spot—
 Assuming of course you have got
 To the stage known as convalescent
 And are allowed chicken (or pheasant)
 Which tastes like chicken (or pheasant)
 And not like cardboard suspiciously flavoured
 With the anæsthetic the doctors favoured.
 Assuming also the three or possibly four
 Cigarettes permitted per diem smell more
 Like tobacco and less like an act
 Of incendiarism, or hay incautiously stacked.
 Even though the old "wagon" is hitched
 To a scar, it's good when you've been "unstitched"
 To lie in bed in your ward
 And observe how you're loved and adored
 By your friends and relations.
 (Even Aunt Jane, whose prognostications
 Concerning your future career are not very rosy,
 Has sent you a "get well" posy.)
 Flowers and fruit greet you from every table:
 You might be a stricken Tracy, a sick Clark Gable.

Oh, hospital is swell!
 Though, mind you, it's just as well
 To obey the rules and employ a measure of stealth
 In pursuit of your wants; and you mustn't speak of your
 health
 Or keep ringing your bell all day
 If you mean to enjoy your stay.

At first it may seem a bit daft
 That they wake you up to give you your sleeping-
 draught;
 Or at nothing A.M., just as the early bird hastens
 To snap up the worm, they come along with their basins
 And insist on washing you, whether you've had
 A good night's rest or a bad.
 But orders is orders; or else the whole show would go
 pop.
 Does not General Routine rank higher than Major Op?
 So you've *got* to be washed, dead or alive,
 And all groomed up before the doctors arrive.
 Sister would be uncapped
 And Nurse probably clapped
 Into irons for indiscipline
 If the doctor walked in
 And found the patient unwashed—
 His pillows crumpled and squashed,
 His hair not tidy and sleek
 And the flush of sleep on his cheek.
 It is hospital etiquette
 That whoever else gets in a sweat
 The doctor must not be upset.
 (So it's no use groanin'
 Or writing to A. J. Cronin.)

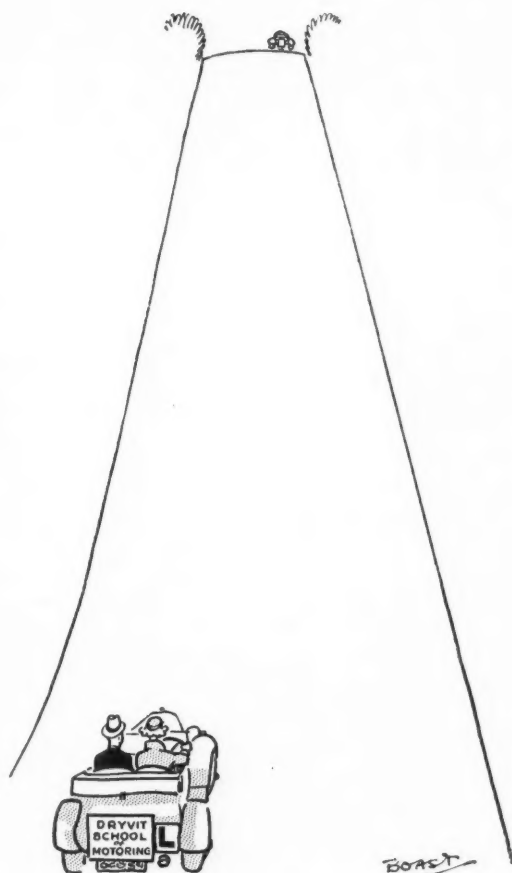
But hospital is grand;
 It has an air, if you understand,
 Not simply of disinfectant,
 But of something gay and expectant—
 As though any moment a queen
 Might appear on the scene.
 You feel that you ought (somehow)
 To rise from your bed and bow

When each morning at 10 precisely
 Matron sails in and informs you you're "getting on
 nicely"—

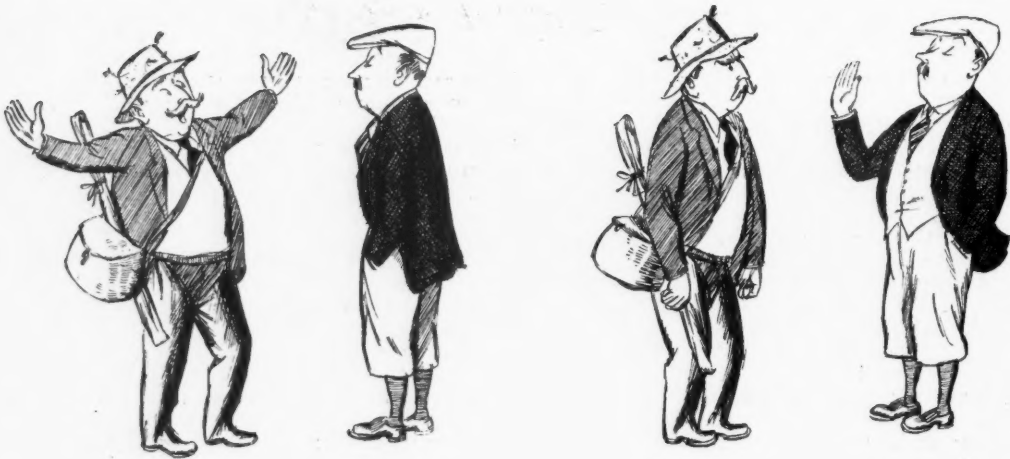
Even on days, you recall,
 When you seemed to be getting nowhere at all.
 But if *they* say you're O.K.
 When you're feeling B.A.,
 You're O.K.

And besides, they get terribly hurt
 If you lie there just dumb and inert;
 They think you're a humourless bloke
 Who can't enter into a joke.
 For of course you're a blessed disgrace;
 You ought to be out of the place,
 Making way for a really bad case.

Yes, hospital is fine!
 I'd a lot of quiet fun in mine.

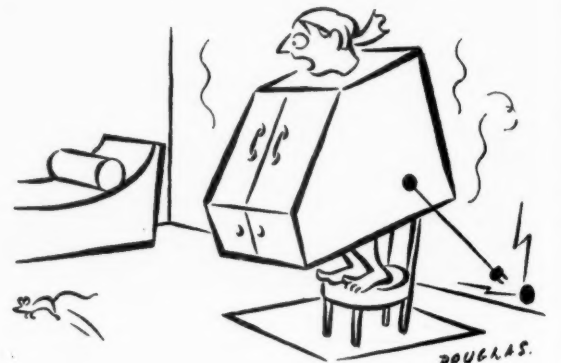
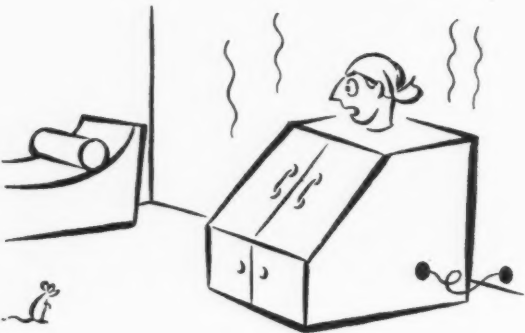
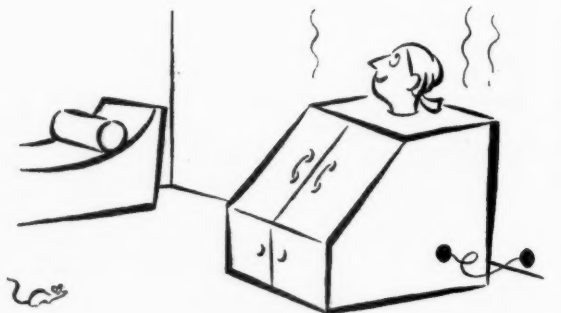
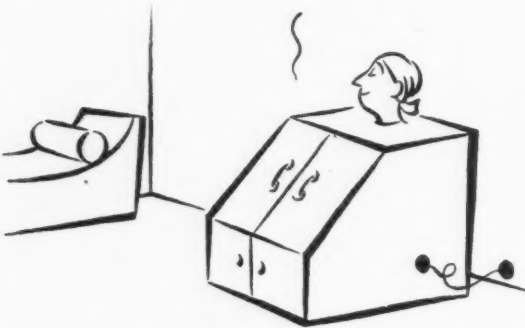
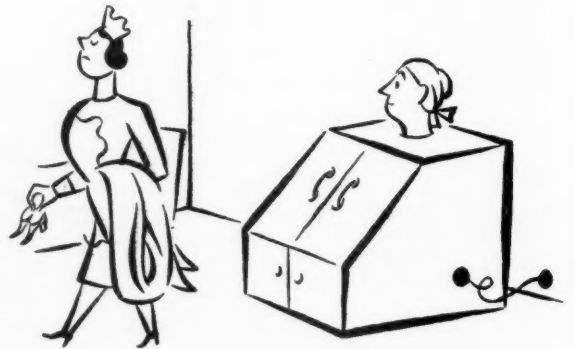


"Now I wonder what this one's going to do."

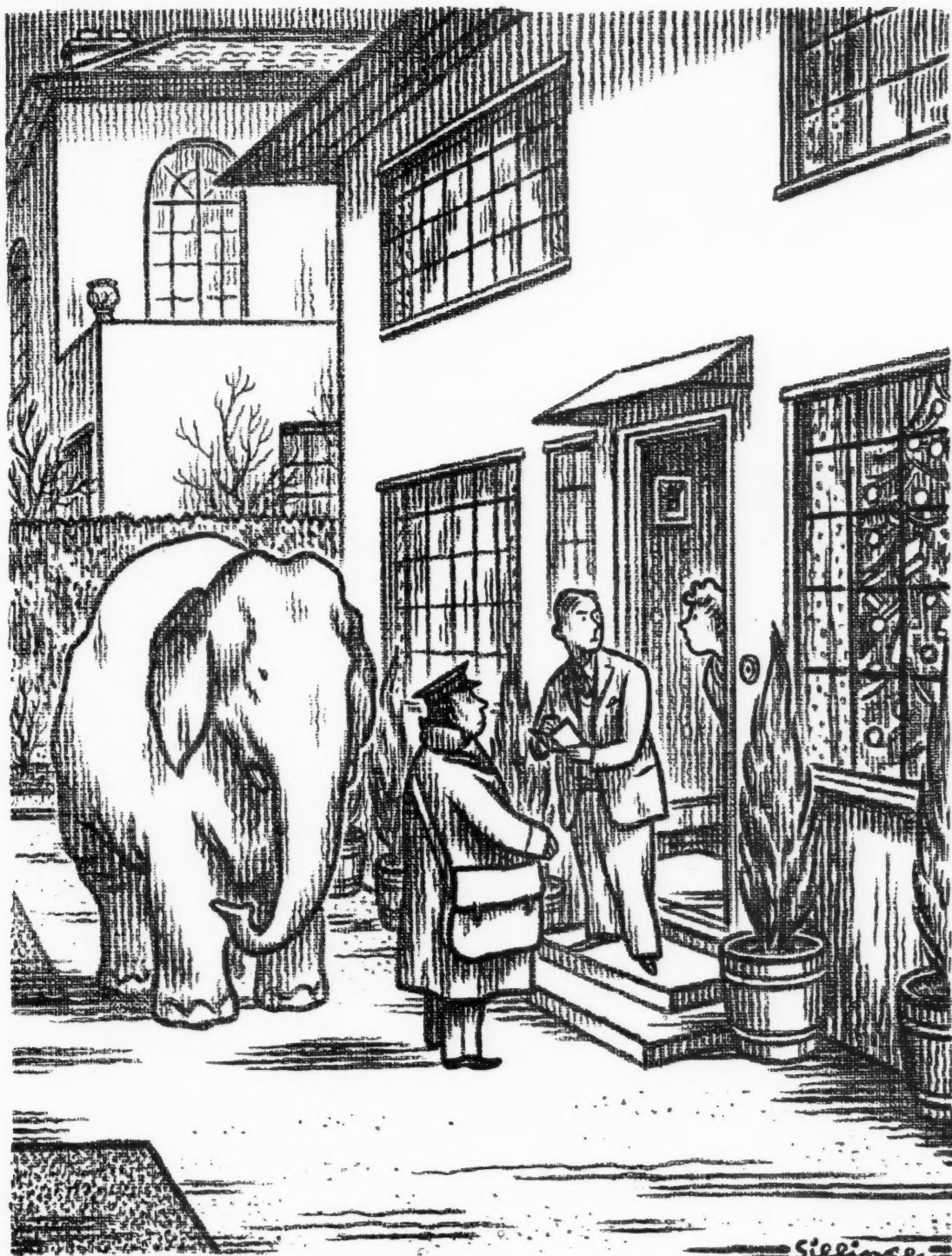




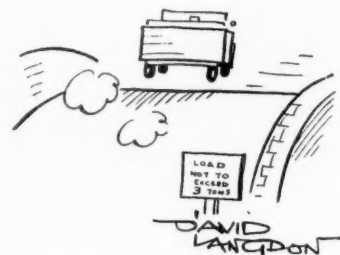
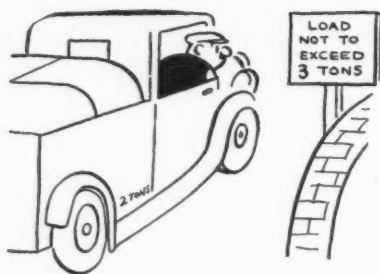
"Do you believe in ghosts, Pilkington?"



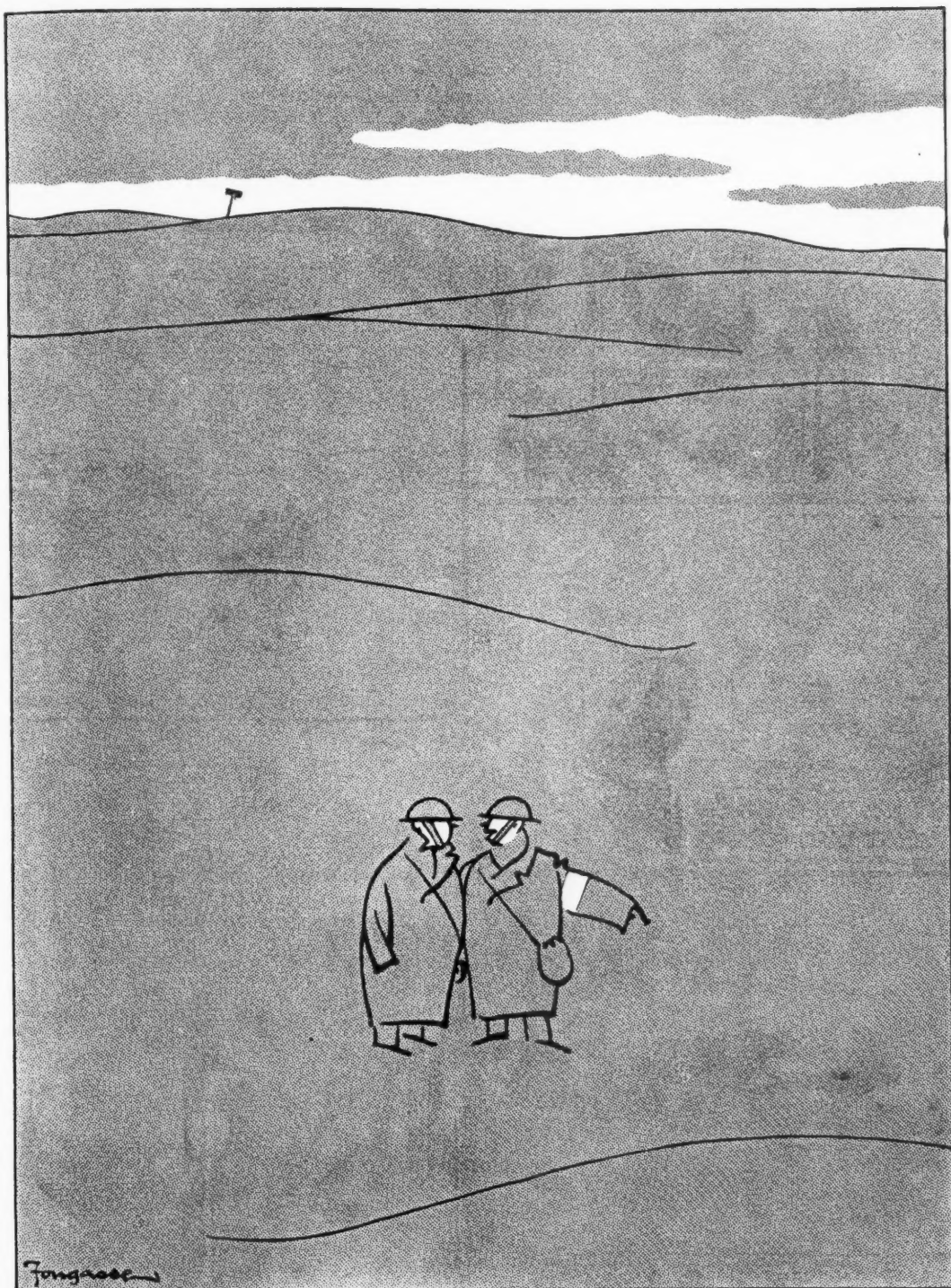
DOUGLAS.



"You're right, dear. It is from Aunt Emmeline."



DAVID LANGLDON



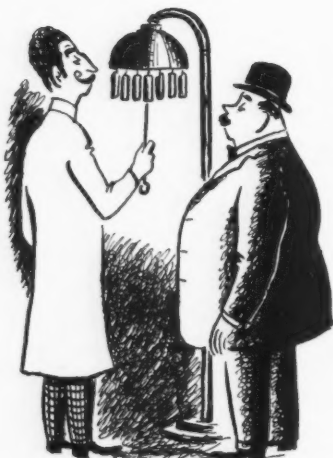
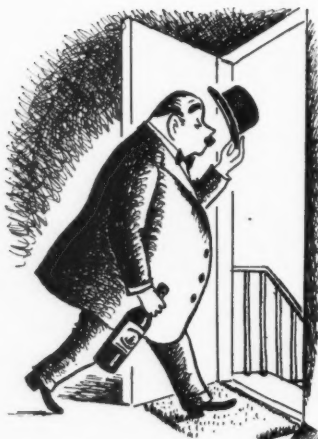
"Well, then, as I say, I played my third—a peach of a shot that just sailed over the bunker and pitched just here. . . ."



SUCCESS STORIES OR HOW WE ADVERTISE OURSELVES NOWADAYS



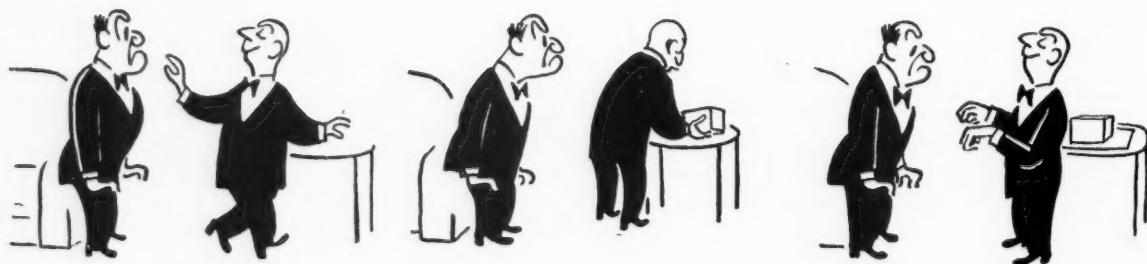
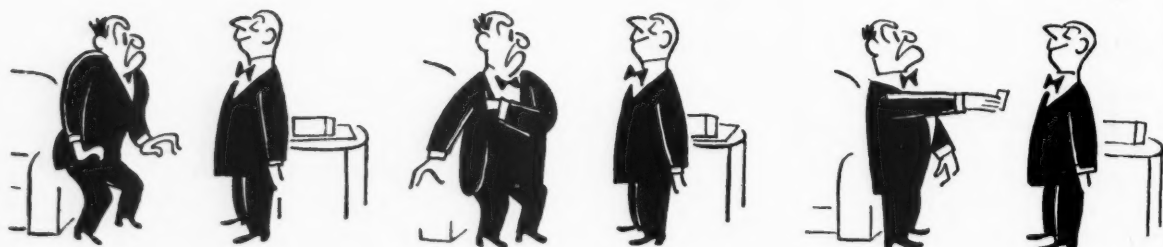
SUCCESS STORIES OR HOW WE ADVERTISE OURSELVES NOWADAYS



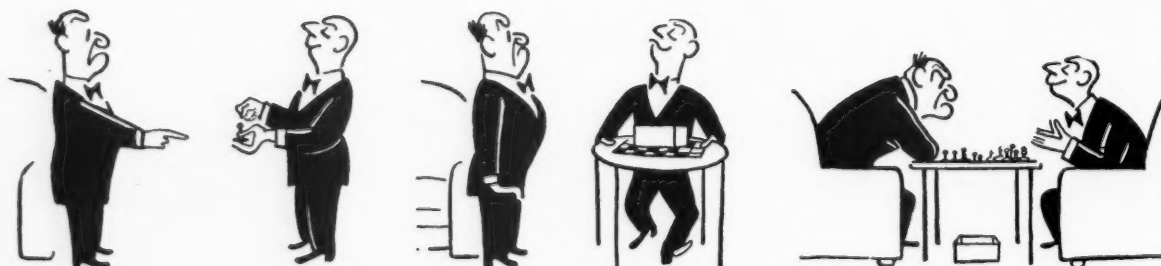
Anton



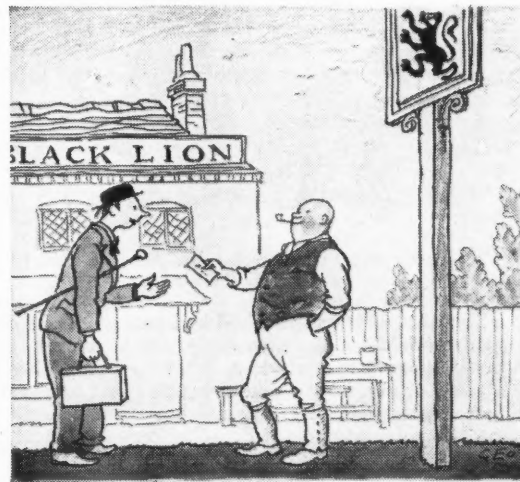
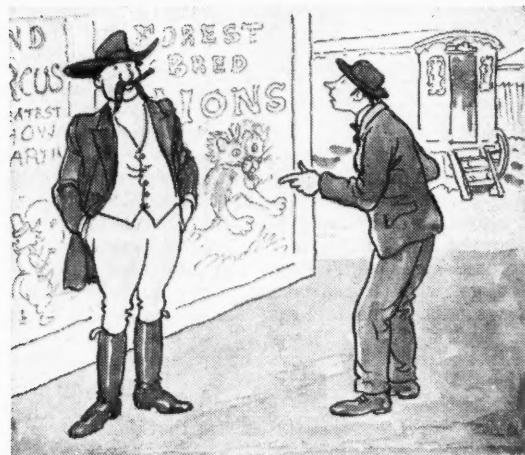
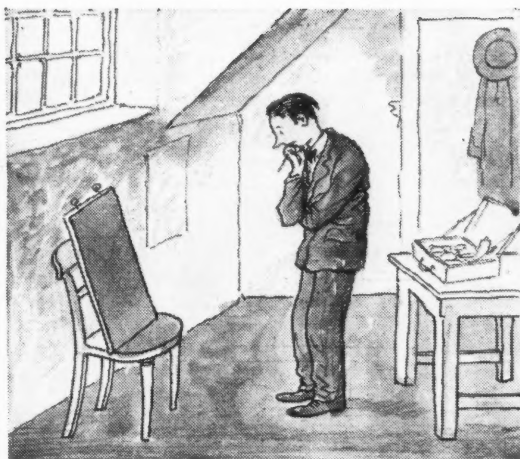
"I think we've been forgotten, Miss Smedley."



DAVID LANGDON



THE CHALLENGE



CONSCIENCE IN ART



"And Furthermore, Mr. Boody . . ."

AS you always look to see who a letter is from before you start reading it, and as I don't want you to read my concluding remarks before you get to them in the proper way, I will tell you now that this is from Hubert Henry Bates. I am the traveller with fair hair and glasses that you said had got to go out and sell one million "Canford Classy" cigarettes or you would know the reason

Marlow and sell him the idea of putting our products in his series of forty stores known far and wide as British Bazaars. You would not listen to me when I told you that I have four times tried to persuade old Tutty to take our tobacco and cigarettes. Each time he has been ruder than the last, and the last two times I saw him he would not see me at all. He always says that tobacco does not go with haberdashery, ironware, toilet-rolls and the sandbags his branches are concentrating on at the moment.

Just the same, Mr. Boody, I came down here to Brighton, where old Tutty Marlow lives in a large house overlooking the promenade. My idea was to call on him in my private capacity, with the excuse that I had come down specially from London—which I had. If he would not see me then I meant to waylay him while he was walking along the front, which it is his custom to do every morning. Unfortunately he was not at home when I called, and the next day I found out that he did all his walking by car, being a big man who weighs over seventeen stone, which makes him tire very quickly.

Being at a loose end after this, Mr. Boody, I took a walk along the front smoking my pipe, which was not filled with "Boody Mixture." Walking along, I passed the Aquarium just as it began to rain. As I had decided to call at old Tutty's house when he came back, and as I was wearing my best suit for the occasion, I thought I would go in to the Aquarium and see the fishes. The cost would be sixpence, which I intended working into my expense account. I am not, however, sending in any expense account now as I know you would not pay it. Not when you have finished reading this letter you will not, anyway.

The Aquarium is very interesting, but I do not know much about that sort of thing. In fact I did not see any fishes that I recognised, except one very strange fish which reminded me of somebody. You know how sometimes you see somebody who reminds you of somebody that you know? Well, this fish reminded me of somebody at once. There was a lobster crawling about in the bottom of the tank, but this fish I am telling you about kept swimming round



"... seventeen stone, which makes him tire very quickly."

why. You also said that you had had enough of the old-fashioned methods of the firm since you took over, and that my business was solely to sell and keep on selling.

Well, Mr. Boody, I have sold something, but it was not a million cigarettes, and it was not a million packets of the new "Boody Mixture—the Pipe-Smoker's Joy" neither. If I may say so, with all due respect, the proper way to describe your new mixture properly is certainly to call it "Boody Mixture"—only with an "I" in Boody.

My instructions from you were to interview Mr. "Tutty"

and then looking at me out of the glass in front of the tank. Whenever it looked at me I had a funny feeling.

There was a label at the side of the glass, and I wrote down what it said: "*Opsanus tua* (Linnaeus). Family *Batrachoididae*." I think that is the scientific name for this particular fish, and the label has some more information. It says: "*Occurs from Maine to Cape Cod. Found in shallow water living among weeds. Reaches length of fifteen inches.*"

This fish had a sort of round face and practically no chin at all. When it opened and shut its mouth it looked as if it was saying something unpleasant, and it kept looking straight at me. It had been brought all the way from America, and it lived among weeds, and when I thought about this it reminded me of who it reminded me of.

Tobacco is a weed, Mr. Boody, and you have come from America, and if this fish had had a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on then I would have known at once that it reminded me of you. Once I realised that, the way it opened and shut its mouth reminded me of you still more, which accounts for the funny feeling it gave me and which I mention with all due respect.

I do not know why they took the trouble to bring this fish all the way from America, and I felt a little bit sorry for the lobster having to be with it, although the lobster did not take much notice of it.

I asked the keeper about this fish, and he said that it was the only one they had got and he did not think much of it. He said it was not a very interesting fish, and all it did was to swim about and stare at people. He said they could not put it with any others because it upset them, and also he had had to clear out a lot of Japanese goldfish or something to make room for it.

He said people were more interested in goldfish and he wouldn't care what happened to this other fish, not even if it went back to America where it had come from. Of course he did not know it was like you, Mr. Boody, but I

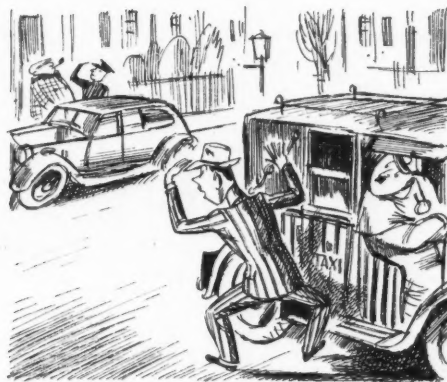


"All it did was to swim about and stare at people."

told him that it was and I told him what you were like, and he laughed and said that if it reminded me so much of you why didn't I chuck a brick through the glass and get my own back. I said I should probably get had up if I did that, and he said I could make out it was an accident and so long as I paid for the glass it would be all right. Of course he was joking all the time, but I could see he did not like the fish very much. It was not one of his favourites, and he said he got more fun out of a squid, which is like a

little octopus and just sits in a corner and sort of bubbles in its middle and does not disturb anybody.

I did not have any luck in getting to see Mr. Tutty Marlow that day. I was told at the house that he never saw anybody without an appointment and that he always went to sleep after lunch, which is the time when I called again. Later on I tried to make an appointment with him over the phone, disguising my voice, but I only got through



"... hired a taxi and kept it waiting near his house."

to his valet, who said it was no use coming that, as Mr. Marlow wasn't going to give the woman a penny more than he had already paid her. I knew he had made a mistake about who was speaking to him and I rang off, not wishing to disturb skeletons in anybody's cupboard.

Anybody else might have given up, but I was determined to carry out my instructions, if it was only to prove to you that I was right and that nobody could make the British Bazaars sell one million cigarettes, least of all one million "Canford Classy."

Knowing something about Tutty Marlow, and seeing that the time he went out every morning was just before lunch, I wondered if he stopped anywhere for a quick one; and if he did, I wondered if I could get into conversation with him and do what I had come down to do.

Next morning I hired a taxi and kept it waiting near his house. At twelve o'clock he came out and the chauffeur helped him into his car, which was a nice-looking Rolls-Royce and easy for the taxi to follow. It went right along the promenade and through Hove and on to Shoreham, where it pulled up outside a little pub called "The Crown and Anchor." Mr. Tutty Marlow went in and I paid off my taxi, deciding that I would walk back as I didn't think you would stand for the expense, although you won't have to now.

I went into the pub and Mr. Marlow was standing by the bar. There was nobody else inside except the man who owns the pub, and he was talking very friendly to old Tutty, and not like you would expect anybody to talk to the man who owns the British Bazaar Stores. Old Tutty ordered a glass of bitter, and when I saw the way he knocked it back and called for another I remembered that after all he was only a good business-man and there was a time when he had worked in an ironmonger's for less than the firm has been paying me.

I also ordered a glass of bitter, and when I had drunk a little of it I opened the conversation by remarking that it was a very good drop of what you fancy. Mr. Marlow

confirmed this and assured me that it was the finest bitter for miles around and that he always looked in for a couple of pints as it gave him an appetite for lunch.

We talked about beer and pubs for a bit, and I think he must have made a hobby of them because he knew a lot about them. I did not see any way of turning the conversation to "Canford Classy" and I filled my pipe and lit it, because I always think best when I am smoking. When he saw me doing this he smelt the smoke and remarked that it was a nice tobacco I was smoking, and I said it was and offered him my pouch.

The tobacco in my pouch, Mr. Boody, was a blend which I made up myself. I always thought it was pretty good, and I expect you will remember that I mentioned it when you said that it was time the firm put out a new mixture. Only



"At the first draw his face took on a strange expression."

you said my job was to sell cigarettes, not make blends. So you put on the market your own "Bloody Mixture"—which you will observe has an "l" in it and which I mean it to have.

Mr. Marlow liked my tobacco and I told him it was a private mixture which was not on the market, and he said that a tobacco like that ought to be sold. It was a mixture which pipe-smokers with burnt tongues and calloused palates were looking for.

The pipe he smoked was a large one and after a minute or two it began to make watery noises inside, because Mr. Marlow is a wet smoker. He mentioned that this was the one thing which spoiled pipe-smoking for him. He then noticed that my pipe didn't "goo" like his did, and I said it didn't do that because, although I generated just as much juice as he did and it ran down inside the stem, the pipe had been specially constructed to deal with it.

He asked me what sort of pipe it was, and I took it to pieces and showed him. I showed him just the same as I showed you when you first came on the firm and when I told you that I had invented a patent pipe, "The Bates Briar—the Pipe which does not 'Goo.'" Everybody who has ever smoked a pipe knows how the dribble down the stem makes a "goo"-ing noise when you draw. Mine doesn't do that, but you wouldn't take any notice and just sent me out to sell more cigarettes.

Mr. Marlow was very interested. I always carry one or two mechanically pre-smoked Bates Briars with me, and I offered him one. He filled it up with my specially blended tobacco, and at the first draw his face took on a strange

expression. It is a rather large face, and he looked to me just like the squid in the Aquarium, which sort of bubbles in the middle and does not want to disturb anybody.

He said the combination of that tobacco and a "goo"-less pipe was something which he had been looking for for years, and, what's more, that it must be something a lot of other men could do with.

I told him that I could get those pipes made, mechanically pre-smoked so that they didn't have to be broken-in, and put on the market for three-and-six a time, which showed a clear forty-five per cent. profit. Also, my Bates Blend tobacco could be marketed at a shilling an ounce very profitably also.

I added that if he was interested I wouldn't mind calling the tobacco "Tutty Mixture," which made him laugh a bit because he knows his nickname; and he said "By George, that's a very good idea! Come back to lunch with me and we'll talk it over."

So I rode back to Brighton in his Rolls-Royce.

I know my function is to sell cigarettes, Mr. Boody, but I did not sell any on this occasion. I had a very good lunch and a long talk with Mr. Marlow, and we became very friendly, and I talked about how there ought to be a tobacco kiosk in all his British Bazaar Stores. I also told him all that I knew about tobacco and cigarettes, and as I have been in the trade for fifteen years what I know is not to be sneezed at; and Mr. Marlow appreciated that, even if there are some others who do not appreciate it.

The upshot of it was that he has decided to instal tobacco- and cigarette-kiosks in all his stores, which will also sell the to-be-famous *Bates Briar—the Pipe which does not "Goo,"* and the fragrant *Tutty Mixture—the Pipe-Smoker's Pal.*

So with this letter I tender my resignation, because I am to be in charge of the buying of supplies and the putting



"So with this letter I tender my resignation."

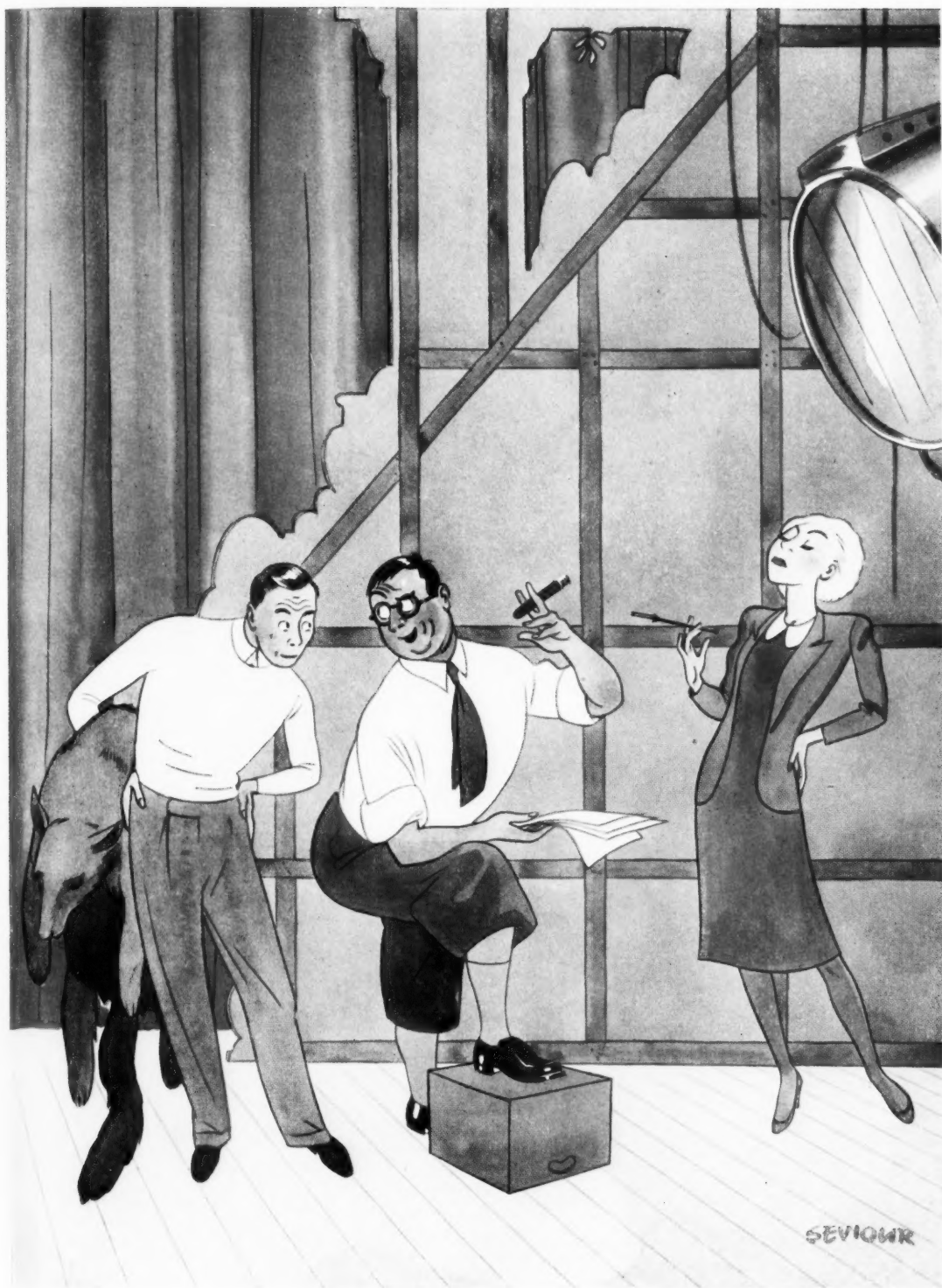
in of the tobacco-kiosks, all of which will set me up very nicely; and if you yourself come and try to sell me a million "Canford Classy" cigarettes I can tell you in advance that you will be unlucky.

And furthermore, Mr. Boody, on leaving my new employer I spent another sixpence at the Aquarium. I wanted to tell that fish some of the things I have explained to you in this letter. However, when I got in there I saw the keeper looking very pleased. He was standing in front of the glass, and the fish was floating belly-up on top of the tank. Which same is what I hope you will do when you read this letter. Your obdnt. servant, Hubert H. Bates.

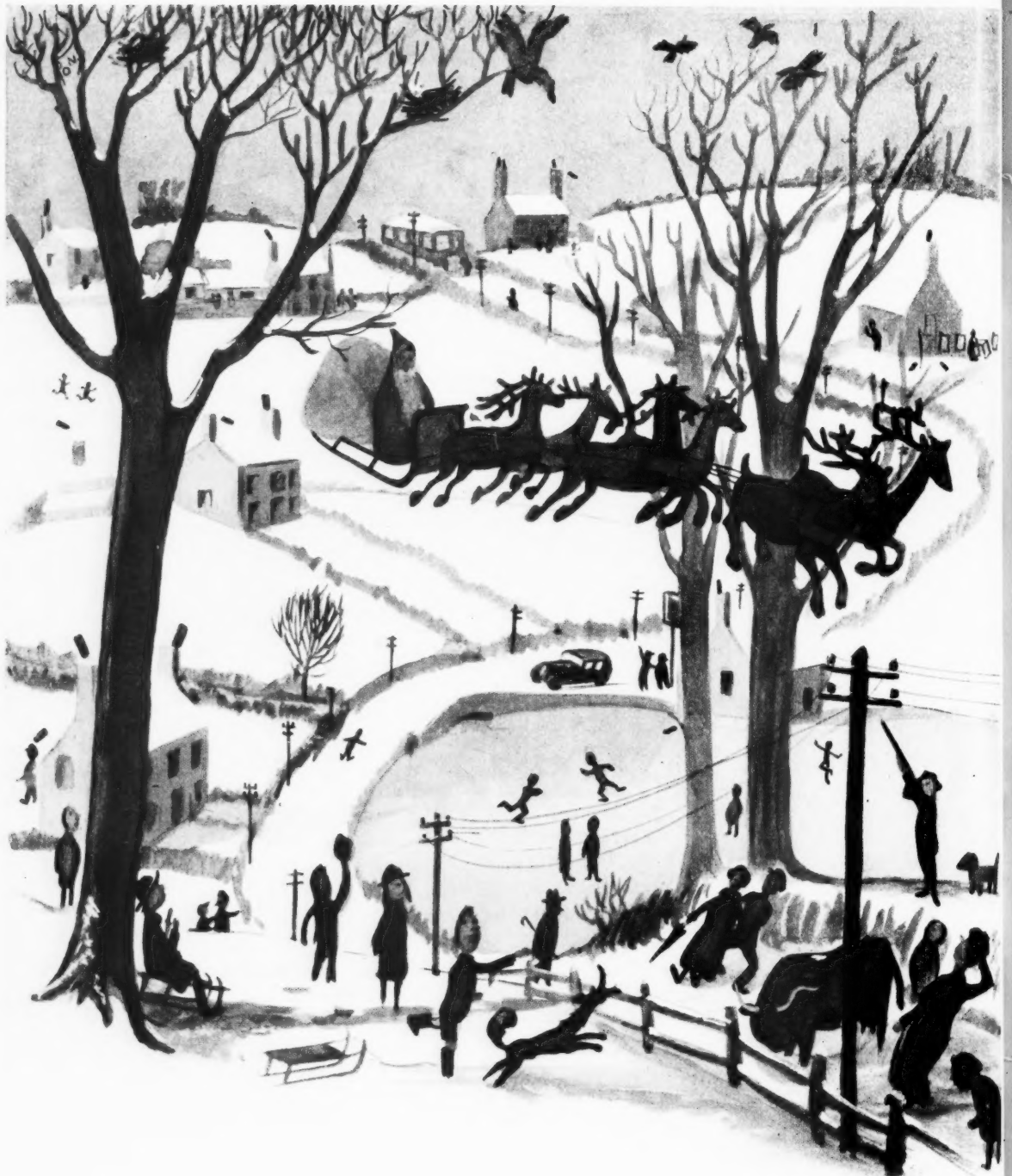


"Next take a stout saw . . ."





"And then you say, cynical-like, 'All the better to see you with, my dear.'"



WINTER LANDSCAPE WITH FATHER CHRISTMAS

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Ultima Thule

(A Memory of Christmas, 1939)

THIS is the England that our fathers knew;
On such a day as this the ancient Briton
Saw nothing that is not within my view,
Neither did King Canute nor Bulwer Lytton,

This is the land to which the Romans came.
Saxon and Norman, Angevins in their pride,
Standing where I am standing, could exclaim
"This was the earth on which we lived and died."

The whole mechanical age is blotted out,
There is no petrol now, there are no trains,
The gas-works fade, the suburbs, put to rout,
Flee from the hillside with their pipes and drains.

I think a churl, a knight, a Georgian peer,
Ruskin and Wordsworth, James and Thomas Hogg

Walking together would find nothing queer,
Saving perhaps each other, in this fog.

I do not think that Cobbett would have wept
Tears for the fields of which he was so fond,
But hand-in-hand with me have calmly stepped
Even as I—into this village pond.

And if there had been wars as wars have been
In the dim newsless days of long ago,
We should have known as much of them and seen
Nearly as much as now we see and know.

Give me such days as these of drifting wool—
Days that were known to Shakespeare and to Spenser,
Mingling the Past and Present, fearless and full
Of mud and mist and silence and the Censor.

EVOE.

Rabbits-for-Food

"RABBITS." A proper theme, I believe, for the beginning of a month.

And for the beginning of the Second Phase of the Same War, too. So far the big things may be different in this second phase: but many of the small things are delightfully the same. In these days, for example, we are warned of the approach of enemy aircraft by a loud and sinister howling in the heavens; and the younger generation, I believe, regard this as one of the novel inventions of the modern age. Well in the old days (I speak of 1914-1918) we were warned of the approach of enemy aircraft by loud but hearty bangs in the sky. "Maroons," we old fogeys used to call them, didn't we? Yes. And I am by no means persuaded that the maroons were not the goods. They did, at least, sound like a battle, and not like a banshee. Nor, more important, did they sound like everybody's vacuum-cleaner.

Well, well. And now rabbits. I was by no means surprised to hear someone blandly announcing "on the air" the other day that it would be a good thing for the citizens to grow rabbits-for-food in the home in war-time. And all with a delightful air of "Now-here-is-something-really-new!" It might have been the latest bombshell from Mr. J. M. Keynes. Bless him! Well, bless them both! But how it all came back to me! The admirable ease and rapidity with which the rabbit multiplies—the simplicity of its diet—its secondary uses as a provider of fertilisers for the garden—its charm—

its cheapness—the small space it demands: the years, twenty-two of them, seemed to roll away as I listened.

For in the last year of the First Phase of the Same War I was at the Admiralty, running the convoy system, with one or two other invalided infantry officers and naval paymasters (and very well we did it). And, not content with saving the nation's food-supply by running the convoy system, I grew rabbits for the nation's food in my spare time. Or rather, I grew rabbits in my wife's spare time. And what we do not know about rabbits could be printed in large capitals on a butter coupon.

I would say nothing to discourage a single citizen from growing rabbits in his suburban nest. But I *should* like anyone who is new to rabbits to go into rabbits with his eyes open—and his wife's eyes open too. For, in the end, as we all know, the woman always pays. Or rather, the man pays: and the woman, in the end, cleans out the hutches.

Let me try to put the thing in the simplest possible way. It is not difficult to grow rabbits in the home. Indeed nothing could be easier. But it is extremely difficult to grow rabbits-for-food in the home. Mainly because they do not always survive to the eating age: and when they do the cat gets them, or they are given to little Margaret.

We certainly grew rabbits. In our year of rabbitry we must have grown nearly a hundred and fifty. But the

rabbits which may be ranked as practical increment to the national food—or, in other words, were actually eaten—could be counted, according to my recollection, on a single thumb.

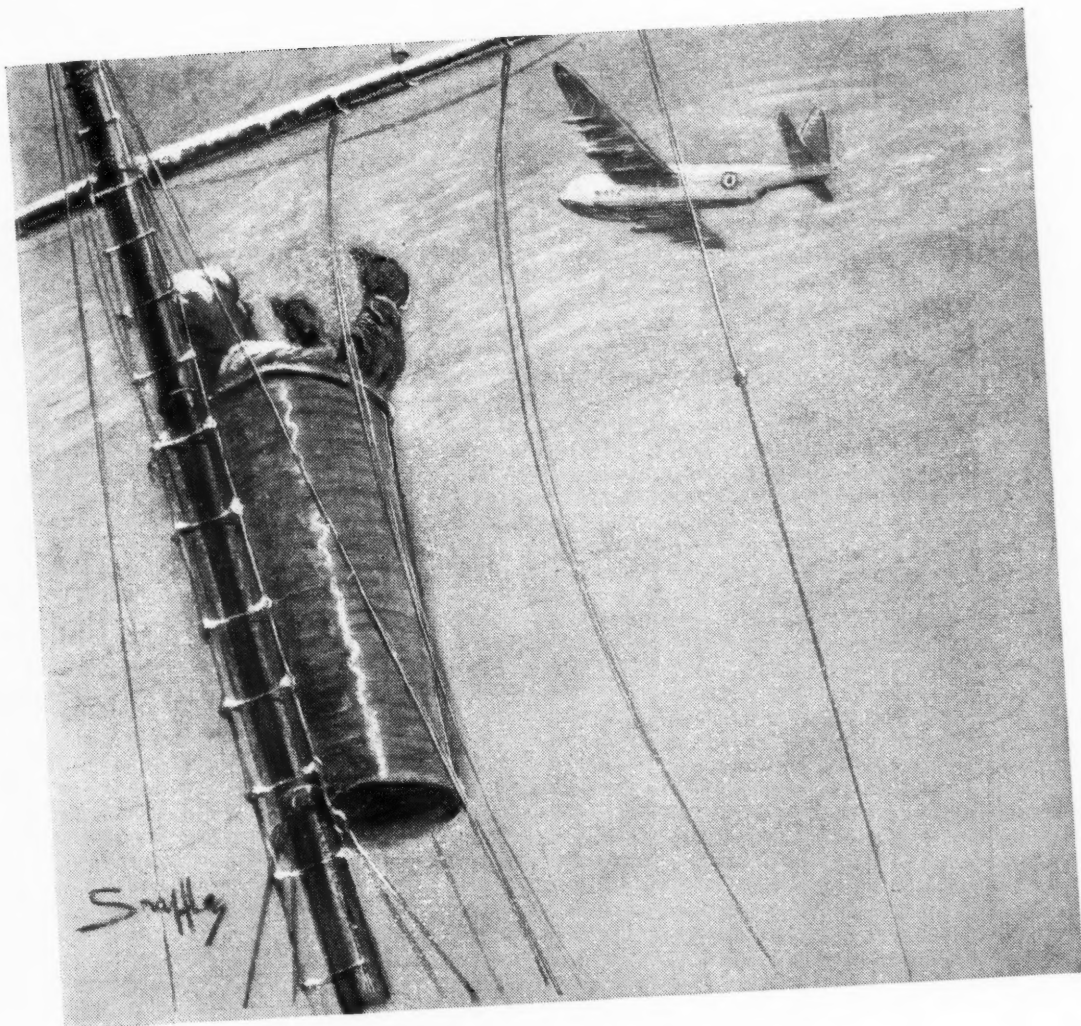
I have already hinted at one of the main difficulties of the home-rabbit-for-food-grower. That is, that *a rabbit is a dear little thing*. Who, for example, could ever have consumed—or even sold for consumption—the celebrated buck (a technical term "Stephen"? Stephen, who became tame that he was allowed to roam at large and used to stroll upstairs and into the drawing-room? And play with Baby, of course, the little brute. Time after time we would put Stephen on the eating-list, but every time he would sneak himself off it with some disgusting act of sentimentality.

The other main difficulty is that *the rabbit is not a dear little thing*. You think of him as a quiet, shrinking, defenceless creature, capable of nothing but running away, and possessing no weapon but four dear little soft paws with which to make him a refuge from the wicked world. You are wrong. He is stubborn, unscrupulous, strong—and noisy. He has tough jaws and teeth. He may look placid enough when alone with the lettuce, or while little Margaret rubs his nose through the wire. That is by day. By night he is an industrious demon. He is determined to get out. There is an attractive doe in the next cage but one. Or he wants to eat the garden. Or he wishes, ungratefully, to return to the woods and downs. At all events, for good reasons or bad, he wishes to get out. And in my experience, *he does get out*. The Press would call him the "exit-wizard." I call him (with no better taste) the Houdini of animals. Those jaws do it. He bites through wood; he wrenches padlocks; he gnaws and worries wire. *He gets out*. Or, if not, he scrabbles at the wire front of his cage—and makes a noise. From time to time, also, he stamps with his two dear soft little back feet—and makes a noise. All this surprises you; for you know nothing of Nature. Well, in the woods, when the rabbit is excited, whether by fear or passion, he raps his dear little stern feet on the ground: and this warns his comrades, or the lady, as the case may be, of danger. And that is well enough on the soft floor of the woodlands. But when the same rabbit spends one half of the night scrabbling on the wire of his cage with his paws, another half tugging at the door with his teeth, and another half stamping on the hard floor with his dear little stern feet—he makes a noise, a prolonged noise, a



"And I have a brother in the Tank Corps. He looked in for a few minutes this morning as he was passing through the village."

January 3 1940



"Happy New Year!"

noticeable noise, and a noise unloved by the suburb.

I have spoken of the buck. I now speak of the doe (another technical term). The doe can be just as savage. One of our most prolific does was an enormous Belgian Hare (or was it a Flemish Giant?), a black monster with a head like a Prime Minister and a snap like a wolf. She was called Desdemona. She terrified me. More —she terrified the cats. We used to let our favourite rabbits loose in the garden, and one day I watched Desdemona being stalked by four cats from four points of the compass. The innocent "rabbit" browsed; the cats, inch by inch, approached. Others

feared a tragedy: but I knew better. Suddenly, Desdemona raised her head, took a quick look round (like Bradman before his first ball) and snapped at the nearest cat, advancing a step or two. *All the cats fled.* I swear that this is true.

In another thrilling chapter I may be able to tell you the further history of Desdemona—of the union between Stephen and Desdemona—how Desdemona produced family after family under the lilac-bush—how she peopled South Hammersmith with rabbits—how she visited the Admiralty—how she bit the postman—how much she cost in wire and worry—and many other things. But meanwhile I hope

that I have made my message plain: *Grow rabbits for the nation, by all means: but think of it as a whole-time job.* And if you think of growing rabbits-for-food "on an economic basis," give up the idea at once and buy six fat geese for the nation instead. It will be cheaper, less wearing; and the nation will have something to eat.

A. P. H.

"10.50.—Eugene Goossens—Sonata No. 2, in C, for accusers in the House of Lords—1640; compiled from original reports and read by John Maude . . ."

Radio Programme in Evening Paper.
This intellectual music . . .

Charivaria

ANY day now an official statement is expected from the Wilhelmstrasse giving details of the FUEHRER's first New Year Irresolution.

Some golf clubs are exhibiting notices to say that anyone mentioning the war will have to pay a shilling into the penalty-box. It seems that even a few of the really chronic golfers have heard something about it.

It is believed in German naval circles that the Canadian force which recently arrived in England must have travelled by an overland route.



"As a result of rationing, bacon may disappear from the English breakfast-table," we read. It always did.

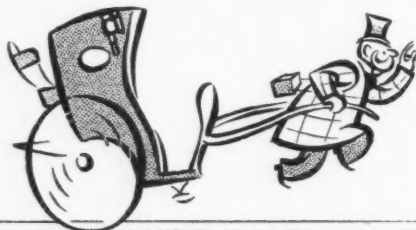
An English actor in Hollywood has a top-hat which he has not worn since his marriage twenty years ago. What's he keeping it for—SHIRLEY TEMPLE's wedding?

An American writer comments on the fact that Britain does not now have weather forecasts. We still have the weather, of course.

"You can trust a man who smokes a pipe," says a writer. That's what the FUEHRER thought.

"Australia has been invaded by the world's worst pest—the Argentine ant, says the B.U.P."—*Liverpool Echo*. Excuse us—not the world's worst pest.

A Nazi spokesman in the Wilhelmstrasse has announced that Herr HITLER has decided to destroy the British Empire. Then what will he do for an encore?



A correspondent fears that with so little hunting this season hounds will get out of condition. In the circumstances perhaps foxes will be sporting enough to accept shorter starts.

"Said moustached, dark-jacketed, and also spectacled Mr. Anthony Eden: 'They (the Nazis) literally don't speak the same language . . .'"—*Daily Mail*.

How true!

A correspondent says that within a mile of his house in the country are five girls' schools. The district, he adds, is infested with crocodiles.

HITLER was recently reported to be keeping very healthy. All of them.

The Army's tallest sergeant is said to hail from Scotland. By listening carefully they can just hear him down at Aldershot.

"Envy of Germany caused the last world war," says a German newspaper. It is to the credit of the Nazi Government that one of the causes of war has now been removed.

A doctor says he can tell a lot about patients by the shape of their nostrils. But we expect there have been occasions when he has made wrong diagnoses.

According to one political writer, the way to the door of real peace is now blocked. There are so many Germans in the Corridor.

"What has happened to the old-fashioned growlers?" asks an article on hansom cabs. Our opinion is that they are still waiting for the buses.





THE ANSWER OF THE SEAS



"Cheer up, boys, Gracie Fields is coming on now."

A Word of Thanks

THERE'S been a sad falling-off just lately in headlines about doors not yet being closed, or, if you prefer it, still being left open, and although I did notice a stray one quite recently I can't remember whose door it was or why they forgot to shut it; in any case I expect it's been banged by now.

I call it a sad falling-off because while these doors were standing ajar all over Europe there was plainly an opening for a witty allegorical article called "When is a Door not a Door?" or "Is Britain Feeling the Draught?" but now that they've all been closed and the chains put on I might just as well tear up my notes and think of something else. As a matter of fact, acting on the advice of my wife, a Mrs. Thomas, that's just what I've done.

This is how it happened. I was sitting here with my notes beside me cleaning out the vulgar fractions on my typewriter with a darning-needle I'd found in the settee, when she came in with the evening paper and asked me what I was working on. I held out my notes and she took the letter out of the envelope and said that as I didn't look as if I'd started yet I could fill in the time by answering it. And because I always enjoy writing rude letters to Electricity Corporations I did it there and then. I enjoyed this one particularly because I made a point of writing things like "last $\frac{1}{2}$," and " $\frac{1}{2}$ as much again," to show off my nice

clean fractions. When I'd finished my wife said, "I should throw their letter away now," so I tore it up and threw it away.

(Don't go on with this if you want to go out or anything. Look at the end if you like. I don't care.)

Naturally I was annoyed when I saw what I'd done, and I believe I used those very words. "Now see what you've done," I said. And then she told me about all these doors having been closed right and left and the bottom knocked out of my heavenly story with a European meaning in any case. "Nevertheless," I said to myself (my wife having gone to answer the telephone), "little or nothing has been written about doors, open or closed, and I shall write about them just the same. It may not turn out to be very witty or very allegorical, or even grammatical, but write it I shall."

I get pig-headed over a thing like that. I could call it determination or singleness of purpose if I liked, but deep down I know it's just pig-headedness. So I put a sheet of paper in the machine and cleaned out the capital O, and then my wife came back from the telephone and we went out and played bridge with the Bakers. And I never thought another word about it till this morning.

I was out doing a bit of shopping round the corner, and in the greengrocer's I held the door open with old-world courtesy for a woman in a fur-coat. Now I don't mind doing

this for anybody, even when I've got my arms full of brussels sprouts and chrysanthemums; but I do expect a word of thanks. (See title.) Not "Ta" necessarily—I don't mean that, but "Thank you so much," or even "Thanks ever so." Failing that, a nod and a smile is better than nothing. But nothing is horrid; I hate nothing, and that is just what I got from the fur-coat. It swept in magnificently and left me feeling as if I'd just crawled out of one of the cauliflowers.

My first instinct was to say to the fur-coat, politely but distinctly, "Madam, I am not employed by the green-grocer." Some people might have shouted, "Don't mention it." Others would have divined that their services were to go unrewarded and let the door go half-way. I hadn't the presence of mind to do any of these things, as a matter of fact, but on the way to the Magnum Wine Stores I did ponder a bit on Bad Manners and People who Ought to Know Better, and by the time I got there I'd made myself quite cross about it. Not white-cross, if you know what I mean, but—well—red-cross.

(Nothing much happens, honestly, if you really want to go.)

Well, perhaps you've guessed, but to me it came as a surprise. As I was leaving with my bottle of sherry I saw the fur-coat mincing affluently along, heading for the Stores, and just as I'd told myself it could open its own door this time, I found myself holding it open. It's born in you, I suppose.

It swept through as before, looking neither to the right nor to the left; not nodding, not smiling, not doing anything but placing a large order. I stood for a minute, angrily plucking the petals off an exposed brussels sprout. Then I went over and said, "Madam, I am not employed by the Wine Stores!"

Of course I realise now that I ought to have done it the first time. It would have been harder to answer.

The coat turned and studied me. Then it said, obviously not quite knowing why, "No, of course. You're the green-grocer's man."

I suppose it could have happened to anybody with a hat like mine, although I still can't believe it happened to me. But whether it did or not it's given me something to write about in place of all those allegorical doors that were slammed in my face at the beginning of the article.

o o

"The man who captured Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, during the South African War died here yesterday. He was Mr. Richard Alexander Knipe, who with a friend saw a horse outside the iron building which was then Germiston station. He decided the horse belonged to the British, and he and his friend surrounded the building."—*Bulawayo Paper*.

There were giants in those days.



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—THE CENSOR AT WORK

At the Pictures

A GABBLE OF GOSSIPS

No doubt you know that *The Women* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR) runs for nearly two hours and a quarter. Considered dispassionately, as a slight story about a lot of women being catty to each other, it's too long; but I doubt whether it will seem too long to anyone not predisposed in the first fifteen minutes, or before, to dislike it. It is extremely entertaining, crammed with smart, bitter, often very funny wisecracks and "mounted," as they say, very expensively. There are three stars (NORMA SHEARER, JOAN CRAWFORD, ROSALIND RUSSELL) and a great number of very competent featured players, including PAULETTE GODDARD and MARY BOLAND.

The framework for this all-round display of malice is simple and trivial enough, *Mary Haines* (Miss SHEARER), happily married, is driven by the delighted sympathy of gossiping friends to divorce her husband, but eventually gets him back (you don't see him, by the way: it is advertised that there are a hundred and thirty-five women in this piece, and no men at all) from the *Other Woman* (Miss CRAWFORD). Two hours and ten minutes of that?—it sounds dreary enough; and so it might be without the incidentals, which, as most of you know, include a crackling tooth-and-nail fight between the worst and most malicious gossip, *Sylvia Fowler* (Miss RUSSELL), and *Miriam Aarons* (Miss GODDARD).

The backgrounds too are very varied, from sumptuous drawing-rooms (gossip over the tea-cups) and bathrooms (Miss CRAWFORD in a bathful of those particularly opaque, sculpturesque and indeed almost architectural suds that are chemistry's gift to the cinema) to beauty-parlours and gymnasiums (gossip on the horizontal bars or the rollers or whatever those things are called) and a ranch in Reno, Nevada, whither *Mary* has gone for a reason you can guess. There is, in fact, plenty of interest for the eye, besides the broad

and obvious things (for man's eye, the women; for woman's eye, the dresses—there is even a five-minute fashion show in Technicolor). For the eye plenty, for the ear plenty (all rather too much on one high-pitched note, though: a few masculine tones would be very welcome as a contrast), and for the emotions plenty; not so much, as I have already hinted, for the mind. But probably you don't take your

capacity of cinemas all over the country . . . It includes her well-known *First Kiss*, too, which in the past few years has been the subject of almost as much comment and prophecy as the *Next War*—and now here they are, both at once. Who could be dull in such a world?

If I seem to be indulging in the questionable pastime of treating with off-hand flippancy a picture that undoubtedly cost a great deal of money and will undoubtedly get it all back, it is because I know that, in this instance particularly, nothing I say will make any difference. The number of cinema-goers in a position to be influenced in favour of or against a new DURBIN picture by the printed word, or anything else, must by now be very small indeed. All that it's necessary to say is that she's here, as charming as ever, in a picture filled, as ever, with sweetness and light, sentiment, Nice People, and song. Among the supporting players are ROBERT STACK (Prince Charming), HELEN PARRISH (Ugly-Tempered Cousin), KATHLEEN HOWARD, EUGENE PALLETTE and FRANK JENKS.

What precisely the title of *The Real Glory* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY) means I don't know; but except that, for that reason, I shall find it no less difficult to remember a year hence than you will, this matters little. It is the same sort of picture as *Gunga Din*, which I took the liberty of calling a roaring, bloodstained piece of hokum. The period is 1906 and the place is Fort Maysang, a settlement in the Philippines, where a few U.S. officers are training the islanders to stand up to the savage Moro tribesmen. GARY COOPER is *Dr. Canavan*, and DAVID NIVEN is *Lieut. McCool*, and ANDREA LEEDS is *Linda*, daughter of the commander, *Captain Hartley* (REGINALD OWEN); and the savage Moros dam the river, and cholera breaks out, and the savage Moros fire each other over the stockade by catapult and steal the ammunition, and the commander goes blind, and *Lieut. McCool* gets killed, and people are murdered right and left—but *Dr. Canavan* takes charge of everything and wins. Didn't you hear me say GARY COOPER? R. M.



J.H. DOWD

(The Women)

UNCENSORED NEWS

Sylvia Fowler ROSALIND RUSSELL
Edith Potter PHYLLIS POVAH

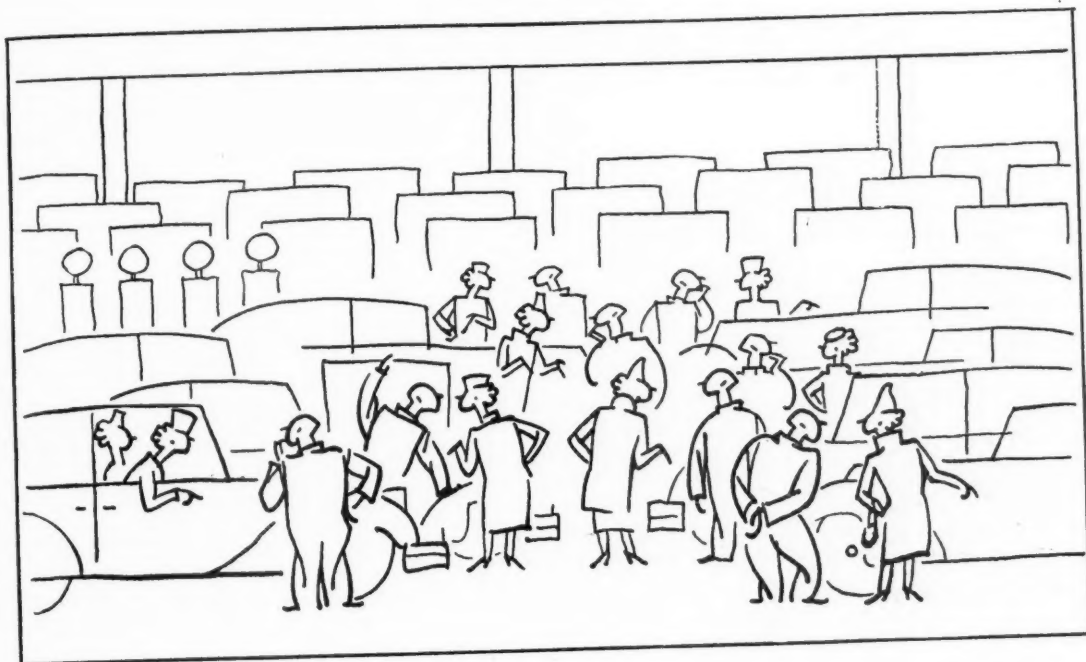
mind to the cinema; very few people do.

It was inevitable of course that DEANNA DURBIN should appear in a Cinderella story: to almost every star upon the screen it cometh soon or late to appear in a Cinderella story; and *First Love* (Director: HENRY KOSTER) is the most obvious Cinderella story I ever met with apart from *Cinderella*. The combination of this, the public's favourite fable, with Miss DURBIN, its favourite star (as has just been announced), seems likely to tax the

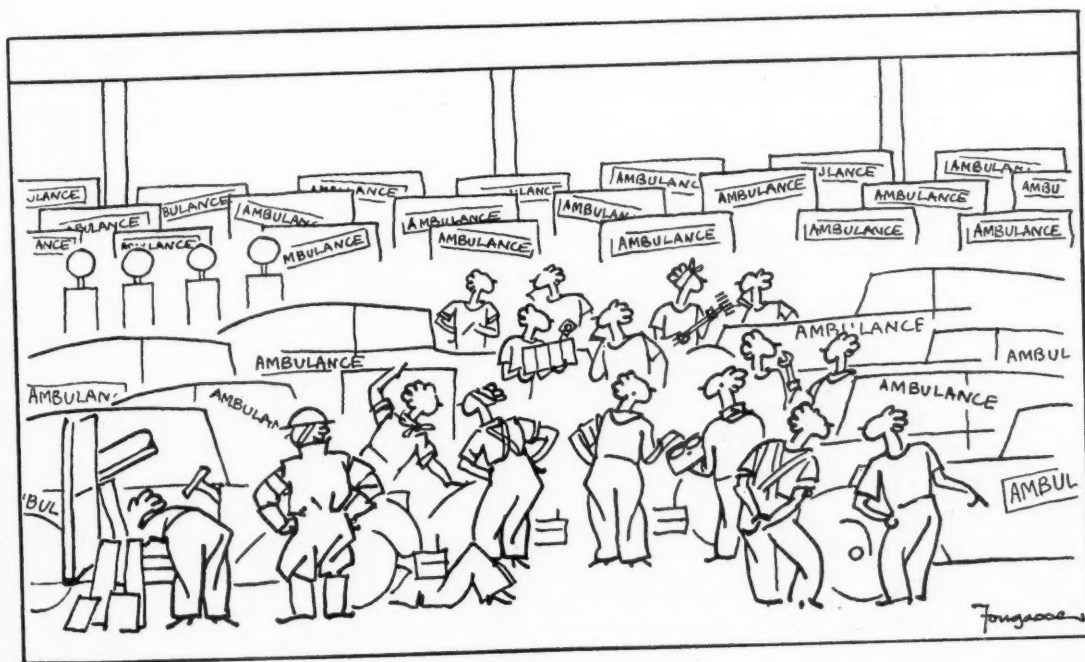
savage Moro tribesmen. GARY COOPER is *Dr. Canavan*, and DAVID NIVEN is *Lieut. McCool*, and ANDREA LEEDS is *Linda*, daughter of the commander, *Captain Hartley* (REGINALD OWEN); and the savage Moros dam the river, and cholera breaks out, and the savage Moros fire each other over the stockade by catapult and steal the ammunition, and the commander goes blind, and *Lieut. McCool* gets killed, and people are murdered right and left—but *Dr. Canavan* takes charge of everything and wins. Didn't you hear me say GARY COOPER? R. M.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

XIX.—THE GARAGE



1



2



"A thousand pounds' worth of three per-cent. National Defence Bonds and a three-ha'penny stamp, please."

Behind the Lines

XV.—Obsession

GOEBBELS, thou shouldst be lying at this hour—
Get busy, Goebbels; greet the glad New Year
Not with a face that makes the milk turn sour
But one that brings fresh bubbles to the beer;
Smile, and step smartly to the microphone
And give the boys a good one: all your own.

What mighty ills have not been done by Churchill!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? Why, Churchill!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? Just Churchill!
Who was the cause of the long ten years' war
And laid at last proud Germany in ashes?
(*Sorry. Correct*)—and laid old Troy in ashes?
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Churchill!

Who is Silvia? What is she
That the Jews have bought her?
Silvia is known to be
Winston Churchill's daughter.
She is now a British spy
With a most come-hither eye,
And the length of Silvia's lashes
Causes all those railway crashes.

Who gassed the Princes in the Tower and starved them by
blockade?

Who put the nitro-glycerine in Borgia's lemonade?

Who sank the good ship *Hesperus*? And why and why and
why

Did all of Thomas Moore's gazelles mysteriously die?

Whose was the most unkindest cut in Cæsar's Sunday suit?

And who deliberately made the rift within the lute?

Who trained the asp to coil itself in Cleopatra's lunch?

Who poisons little children's minds with ribald verse in
Punch?

Research has found the answer. All these innocents have
bled

To satisfy the lust of Winston Churchill's Uncle Fred.

As intercepted letters show,
Guy Fox, the beast who tried to blow
Our Reichstag to the skies,
Was not a fox at all. No, no,
But Winston Churchill's Auntie Flo
In sinister disguise.
His *favourite* aunt, suborned by Jews
(Tell all the boys. They'll eat the news).

Who killed Cock Robin? Whose the nest
From which was pressed the fatal trigger?
No sparrow's, but the gilded perch
Of Mr. Churchill's Budgerigar.

With news like this to bring the New Year in
You'll be a riot, Goebbels, in Berlin.
Give us a song! "Who Loves To Lie With Me?"
(On, how appropriate, the dirty Spree).

A. A. M.

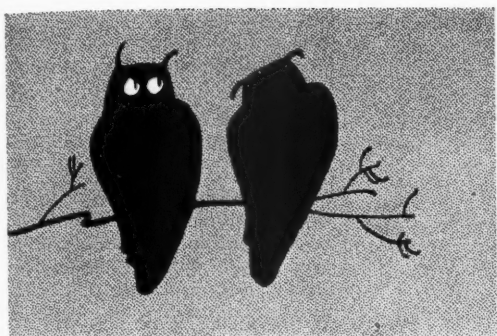
Backward Ho!

WHAT about pushing on into the hinterland?" I asked.

Sir Henry Bopp-Sturgeon knocked out his pipe before replying, and even then he made no answer. Professor Findhorn looked up from his Aztec Grammar and waved a deprecating hand. Captain Allbright leaned forward from the only bath-chair that the Hotel Contango could boast. "Captain Tom Allbright, soldier of fortune, at your service," he said for the fortieth time that day and the four thousandth time since we left England. Somehow we did not seem to be getting any further.

It was an insatiable love of adventure that had brought us seven thousand miles across the world on this hare-brained quest. And now the four of us sat, one day in the spring of 1909, in the palm-infested bar of the vilest hotel in Puerto Bestial, the vilest haven on the whole Venezuelan coast. Out there beyond the town, on those forest-covered hills untrodden by the foot of man, Incas, Chinese Emperors and Egyptian Pharaohs, if report spoke truly, had literally fought for sites in which to bury their treasures. And that was not all. For years now hints and rumours had been reaching the outside world of a mysterious white race dwelling in the unexplored hinterland to the south, possessors of a wisdom as mysterious as themselves.

It was not surprising that for different reasons we were all anxious to push forward—Sir Henry as a well-known explorer, the Captain out of sheer love of adventure, and the Professor because he longed to disinter the relics of the past, or failing that, of the future. I myself nourished a secret hope, which I had not yet confided to anyone, that this



"It's no good, dear—I can't get a battery anywhere."

mysterious white race might have invented a new and mysterious system of card-indexing. And yet some strange influence seemed to detain us. It was six months already since the dirty coasting-steamer from Panama had discharged us, together with a cargo of pencil-sharpeners and stale confectionery, in this sordid port, and we were still here.

I looked round the filthy saloon, seeking some explanation of the mystery. My gaze rested for a moment on Sir Henry in love and admiration, and I thought of all the scrapes we had been in together. That forehead of his owed its tan to the scorching sun of Kalahari; that long scar on his cheek came from the cutlass of a New Guinea head-hunter; that hat and umbrella came from the lost-property office at Paddington Station. Next to him sat the Captain, a somewhat bizarre figure in sun-glasses and a long mackintosh. He had been knocking up and down the world for so long that there was practically nothing left of him. Nor did the Professor, spare and grey-haired, in pince-nez and a knickerbocker suit, detain me long. Finally I caught a glimpse of myself in a cracked mirror and shook my head. No, there was no explanation to be found there.

My meditations were cut short by the tropical night, which fell with such suddenness that we all started violently. Sir Henry rose to his feet.

"Better turn in now, adventurers all," he said quietly. "To-morrow we push on."

A cheer rose from three collarless throats. And yet, as I have already hinted, it was not by any means the first time that Sir Henry had said "To-morrow we push on." We all said it at times, though Sir Henry said it more than anybody else. But as it turned out, it was much easier to say it than to do it. Time and again we had been on the very point of starting, only to be balked by a series of mysterious accidents. Once, for instance, all our baggage animals unaccountably disappeared, to be found later locked up in my bedroom; on another occasion the Captain's hot-water bottle burst in his face on the very morning fixed for departure, rendering him deaf and dumb for forty-eight hours; another time the Professor found himself compelled by an irresistible force to saw one of the legs off his own bed, so that he fell out of it and sprained his ankle. It was all very puzzling.

As dawn broke next day the patio of the Hotel Contango was full of the bustle of departure. A hundred pack-mules, loaded with enough provisions for a five years' journey, were piled in one corner, and fifty native bearers were piled in another, only waiting for the command to move forward to scatter in all directions. As the sun rose above the summit of Monte Histerico I mounted my horse with a feeling of

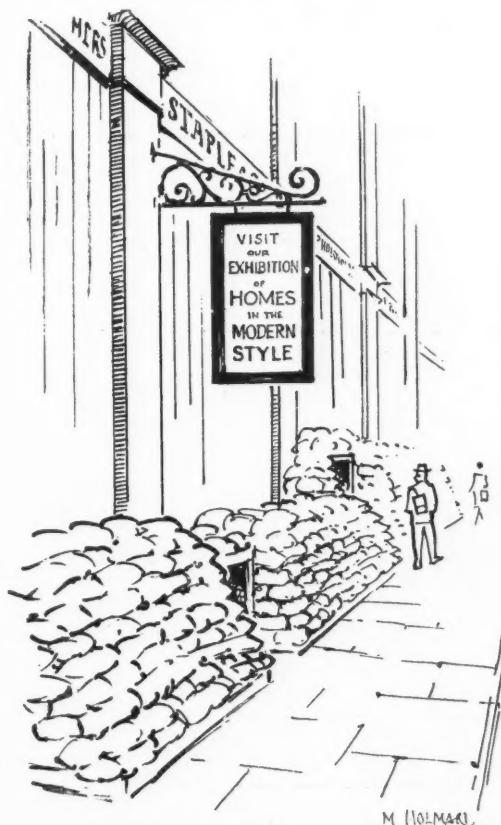
exultation. Soon doubts and delays would lie far behind us. Before us, bright and clear in the tropical sunlight, lay the Unknown—a thousand miles of trackless forest and jungle-infested swamp, where evil-smelling flowers bloomed in the obscurity, strange wingless butterflies flitted among the trees and brilliant snakes beckoned as though to lure the wayfarer to his doom. Impatient to be off, I consulted my wrist-watch. At that moment there were three terrific crashes behind me. I knew somehow by instinct that my three comrades had fallen downstairs.

By the time their heads were bandaged and we were again ready to start, the tropical night, as usual, had suddenly fallen and blotted everything out. To tell the truth, we were all beginning to feel a certain irritation at this recurring phenomenon.

"To-morrow," said Sir Henry cheerily, "we push on." But there was sadness in his eye and in his voice, for all its gaiety, the sense of defeat. Warily we stumbled to bed in the pitch darkness.

And as it turned out, that was the nearest the ill-fated expedition ever came to success. About a week later, though with small hopes, we made a final attempt to penetrate the hinterland. But the last blow was the most cruel of all. As we mounted our horses at dawn the tropical night fell with a suddenness that could only be called vindictive. It was the last straw.

I think we all felt that we had had enough of the tropics. And a day or so later, as fate would have it, news arrived from England that a mysterious tribe of Indians had been reported in the interior of Manchester. We left Puerto Bestial by the first boat.





"Last one, then I'll be the U-Boat!"

My Aunt's Christmas

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becomes very much intensified at Christmas-time. Also, as a rapid effort-saving system, letters are thrown over the banisters as they are completed and people arriving to call are frequently assailed by fluttering post-cards or soft small parcels whose descent through the well of the house "saves the maids," as she is never tired of proclaiming. At Christmas-time there are intermittent showers of half-penny stamped envelopes that come sailing down, and the scramble for

them in the hall calls for a good deal of dexterity; my Uncle George makes it his business to search behind the pictures on the stairs for any stray Christmas cards.

My aunt's Christmas presents are largely promiscuous, and it is my special duty to attend to these. Anything that has accumulated in the house during the year is lowered, carried or pushed down to the hall under the label of "Next person carry, please," and when the hall is fairly full of mattresses, empty bird-cages, eiderdowns, boxes of last year's Christmas cards, potatoes, Uncle George's clothes or boots that she thinks he doesn't want, disused golf-clubs, boxes of games such as Ludo or Halma—these it is my frightful duty to arrange in as careless a manner as possible on the pavement outside her house for people to take away at their need. Being a self-conscious person, I invariably wait till about 11.30 P.M. before venturing out with these tokens of universal goodwill, and I was very fortunate that the policeman on duty who observed me as I happened to drop a casual mattress on the pavement was well known to me. However, by the morning everything has gone all right. "Someone or other will be glad of it" is her invariable reply when I question the world's need of a bent tennis-racket or ancient fishing-reel offered to the first passer-by in the morning that cares to pick it up.

For a week before Christmas, conversation at breakfast is forbidden. "Don't talk, George," cuts short any remark coming from the other end of the table, so that the plans are not disturbed for the coming feast. The telephone is worked to death: "Is that Garridge's—Hello—is that—? Oh, all right, send round seven white monkeys at once, please—don't talk, please, I know what I want to say if you'll listen—seven white monkeys, not live ones, of course—No, I don't want flowers at all—the flower department?—oh dear—put me on to the monkey department as soon as you can, please—Toys? Yes, of course! (How stupid they are! Don't talk, George!) Is that Toys?—listen, please. I want seven white monkeys—no, it's not the name of a book. Monkeys for seven little poor children that squeak when you push them in the stomach. No, I saw one yesterday and liked it awfully, so I rang up to make sure: send them round at once, please, and also a book suitable for a little boy that has been scalded by a steam-kettle—How old? Oh, dear—not very old: it's just to cheer them all up, you know, because they have got several others to look after, poor dears. That's all. Good-bye.

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Mr. Pancatto, it is conjectured by everyone who has ever heard him ordering her about, then told Miss Pin to tabulate the results, give him back that script he told her to put on the fire last week, throw the dam' cat out of the window, take down a strongly-worded letter to the Chief Constable asking him what he means by it, ring the fellow up, get hold of him by hook or by crook, tell the girl he's not to be disturbed by anyone or anything on earth, and order a pot of black coffee for him in ten minutes' time.

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"I'm sorry, but I'd rather not give an opinion—I think it would really be much better if you yourself chose between them."

Non-Vulnerability

OH, it's sad that in our village
There are no more signs of pillage
Than the stripping of the willow and the birch,
And the only warbling note
May be traced to the whitethroat
Or the efforts of the postman's wife in church.

Dim, nay dumb the cry of battle
In these parts, and hushed the rattle
We are yearning to let fly with in the dark;
We, the wardens, watch and pray
For a breath of bogus hay
To add point to our patrolling of the park.

As the days keep crumbling by
And no phosgene meets the eye,
We keep asking, "Will we never get the chance?
Will we never be more certain
That our bathroom-blind-cum-curtain
Is confusing our antagonist's advance?"

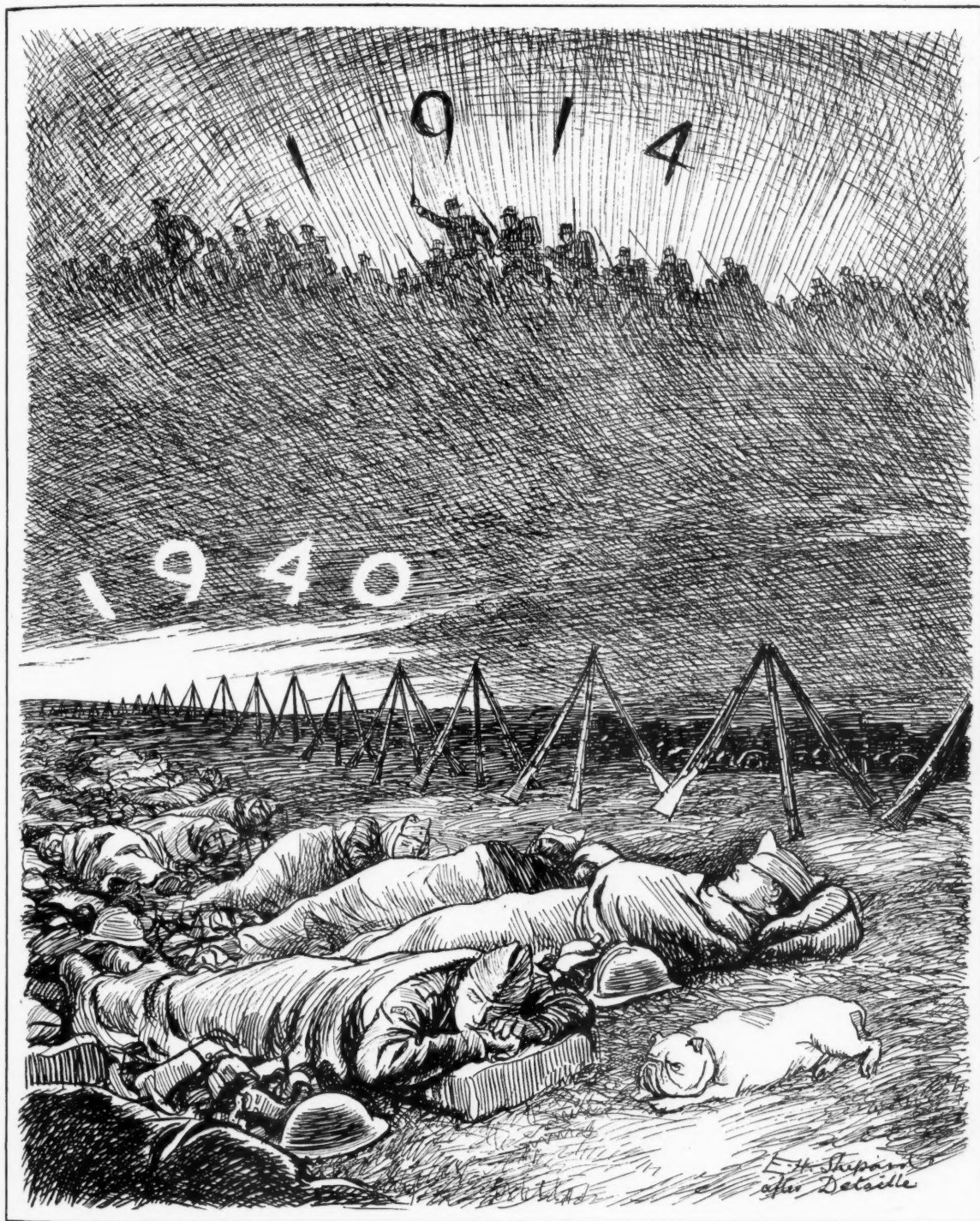
Can there come an apt occasion
For repelling an invasion
In our decontamination suits or not?

And our boots and battle-hat—
Can we laugh off those, and that
When there's nothing here but pheasants being shot?

Must we vainly sit and sigh
For a bit of broken thigh
We can fasten to the handle of a broom?
To what purpose must we keep
Our best box-room bare and sleep
Standing up in what was once the Mission Room?

Never, never in our shift
Has a single fireman's lift
Been required of us in earnest once so far,
Nor a genuine request
To come forward partly dressed
And drive sideways in our gas-mask in our car.

We must face the bitter fact
That our garden's still intact
And our refugees are refugeeing from us;
And though duty bids us grope
In the darkness, we've lost hope
Of anybody bothering to bomb us.



THE DREAM

Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND



IN A GOOD CAUSE

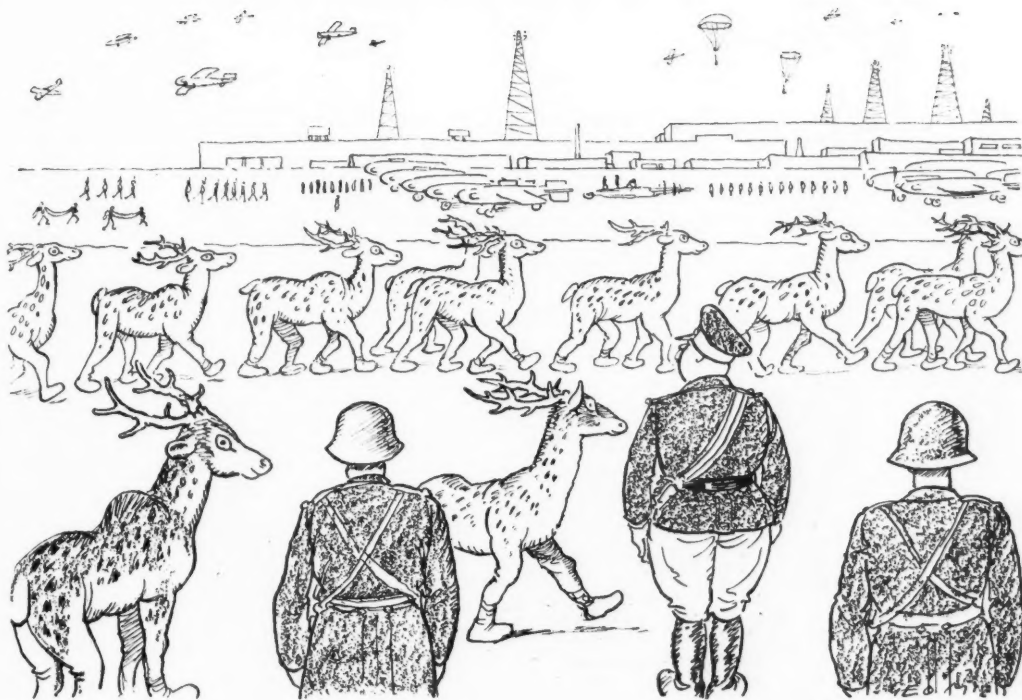
YOU are asked to think and to think in good time of the wounded. At any moment their needs may become imperative. They will not consider themselves heroes; they will not complain; they will be those who have neither fallen in action nor come safely through the ordeal, but are part of the reparable human wastage of war; we shall hear them speaking again—the less seriously disabled—in the language long ago familiar to us: "I got my packet at —; I was luckier than some," and yet there will be months of pain in front of them before they can take their place on active service or in civilian life once more.

You are also asked to think of the Navy at sea, the men in the trenches, the men flying, minesweepers, searchlight posts, anti-aircraft stations. All are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They need Balaclava helmets, stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats for the winter.

Mr. Punch has already bought and distributed:—

Chintz . . .	350 yds.
Bleached Calico . . .	1120 "
Unbleached Calico . . .	900 "
Turkey Twill . . .	60 "
Flannelette . . .	3752 "
Winceyette . . .	9148 "
Turkish Towelling . . .	86 "
Ripple Cloth . . .	1420 "
Knitting Wool . . .	8619 lb.

Cold weather has arrived and the need for woollen articles is very urgent. Every penny subscribed will be used for the comfort of the men serving, or Hospital patients, and no expenses whatever will be deducted. Though we know well that these are days of privation and self-denial for all, we yet ask you, those who can, to send us donations, large or small, according to your means; for experience in the last war has proved a hundred times over how urgent is the call and how invaluable is the assistance that can be rendered. Will you please address all contributions and inquiries to:—Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.



Farewell parade of parachute spies before starting for the Scottish Highlands

Fancy That, Mr. Peccam!

"MY life," began Mr. Peccam-Rye before anyone could stop him, "has been a quiet and uneventful one. A dull, almost a monotonous life is mine, for I am but a poor City clerk, as you all know."

"The morning train, the office, meagre lunch, the evening train—nothing eventful ever happens to me. I have no story. Unless perhaps . . ."

"But no, that is dull too. Scarcely worth recounting. No more than has probably happened to any of you."

"My lunch was late that day, I remember—very late, and the tea-shop at which I was in the habit of taking my bun-and-butter and glass of milk was almost deserted."

"Just an ordinary sort of tea-shop. I had been a regular customer for four or five years when what I am about to tell you of took place."

"Two buns," I said firmly to the waitress. 'Two buns, please,' for my lunch was late and I was hungry."

"It was the time when our newspapers were full of the Black Magic scare."

Dreadful orgies, they said, took place in secret in innocent-seeming London houses. Dreadful rites and dark mystery. I read it all and believed none of it and laughed. 'Two buns,' I said to the waitress."

"She laughed. Her eyes shone green and strange, luminous, staring like a cat's, with straight iris, and she stamped with her heel upon the floor as she flung the food before me."

"And when she stamped the mirror and the radiator against which I sat revolved quickly and silently, dragging me round, astonished, into a darkness, and I heard the laugh of the odd waitress fade away into a distant echo like the echo of far-off thunder."

"I was very much surprised. So strange a thing had never happened to me before in that tea-shop. Not in any tea-shop. The wall which had seemed so plain and solid, the mirror, the radiator, the marble-topped table—all a trap, a trap for an unwary soul. 'Black Magic,' I said to myself, and a light grew—a soft glittering kind of light, filling the strange apartment in which I now

found myself; a fierce glow which brightened and brightened minute by minute until the place was ablaze with it."

"'Black Magic,' I said, and was afraid, and ate my bun mechanically."

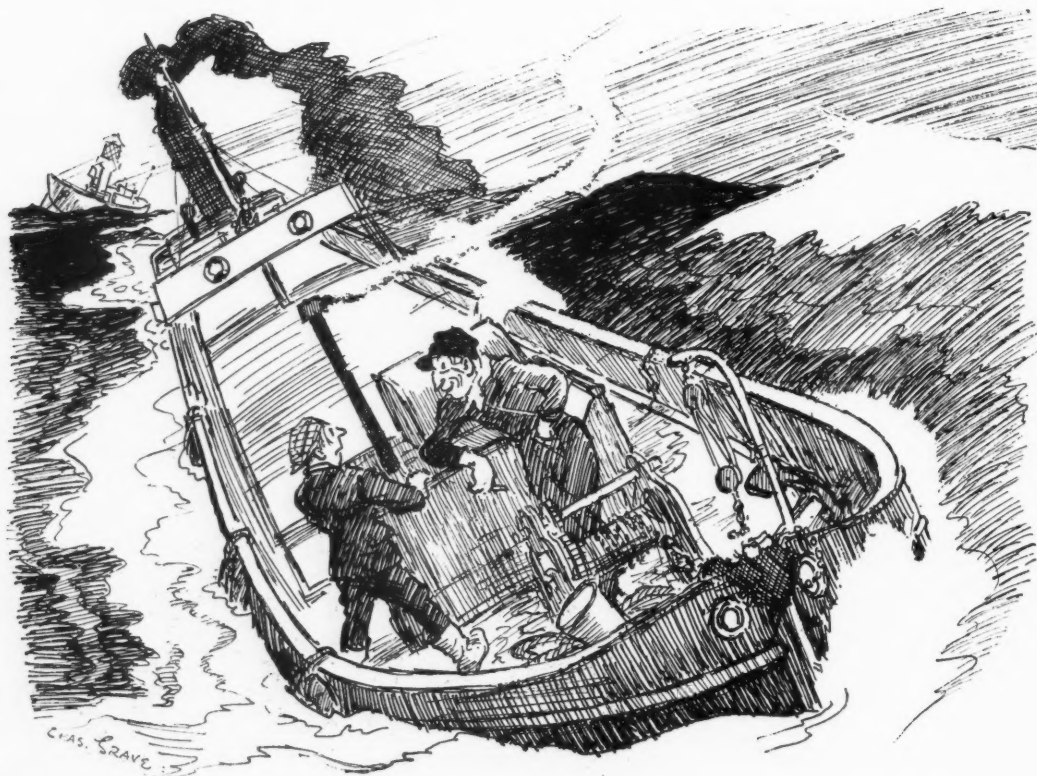
"It was a plain room, a small plain room hung with black draperies, and the floor was black, and immediately before me in the middle of the floor stood a slab or altar of black marble upon which lay the figure of a woman."

"She was scantily clothed. Very scantily clothed. Slender, dark, beautiful as a summer night. She was bound to the black altar with cords, and at her feet stood a brazier burning with a dull green flame, and at her head swayed the slow heavy undulations of an enormous serpent—Am I boring you?"

"No, Mr. Peccam-Rye," we answered decorously. "Pray go on with your narrative."

"A strange room, a black altar, a brazier, a serpent, a beautiful woman bound and gagged waiting for death."

"I ate my bun slowly and wondered what to do. I was embarrassed, still



"Now look at me, Mate—bung full of confidence! An' why? All because I 'ad the good sense to bring me little old civilian respirator."

a little afraid. I had never seen a scantily-dressed woman before. I knew I should be late back at the office. Her dark eyes were fixed upon me, beseechingly, pleading. I could see no door, no opening from the chamber; the way by which I had entered was closed and hidden by the art of magic. I hated snakes.

"Somewhere in the distance and to my left I could hear a thin shrill voice saying, 'Eight and seven-eighths—a little on the large side, Sir—try eight and a half—excellent quality—too large a hat makes the ears stick out—twelve and sixpence—twelve and sixpence—sixpence . . .' and the snake hissed and seemed to be repeating 'Sixpence, si-i-ixpence.' I remembered there was a hat-shop next to my tea-shop, and I was now probably somewhere behind it.

"What a strange place is London!" I thought, and held out my bun to the snake, who struck at it again and again, viciously, emptying its poison sac in profitless rage.

"Then I took my little penknife from

my trouser-pocket, the little penknife with which I slit the envelopes in the morning mail. I still have it. I still slit the morning mail with it. It cost me eighteenpence, I remember. I cut the woman loose and took away the bandage from her red lips and she kissed me and told me that her name was Janeen.

"Sweet was her first kiss; warm and enthralling the caress of her soft skin. No woman before had kissed me at that time, and her name was Janeen, breathed softly like a whisper of spring breezes . . . Janeen. I was glad I was there, come yet what might—Am I boring you?"

"No, Mr. Peccam - Rye," we chorused.

"The snake slumbered, its black coils slumped into a flaccid spiral, and thin and distant came the voice from the hat-shop, singing now, softly, as it went about the weekly stock-taking. 'It is Wednesday,' I said, but all sense of time had left me, and of space, and the consciousness of busy matter-

of-fact London beyond the threshold was dim and unreal. Only Janeen and the black snake and the green fire, now dying, seemed real.

"There are sorcerers," she whispered, and her voice was like the rustle of harebells in the dawn wind—"sorcerers and demons out of hell. We must go before they return or our lives will be lost, and our immortal souls. Like fiends they wait to snatch our immortal souls. Can you sing?"

"Not very well," I answered awkwardly.

"You must sing. Sing a song. A simple innocent song, a song of your childhood, of the innocence of your childhood. Sing of olden days, before the beginning of time, when evil was not in the world and man was but a child."

"A frog he would a-wooing go—I began, and she shrieked, 'Not that!' and laid her hand upon my lips, white, wide-eyed.

"There is a song called 'The Song of Innocence,'" I said, and I began again.

'Piping down the valleys wild, piping songs of—' Do you know it?"

"Yes, Mr. Peccam-Rye," we agreed in unison.

"So I sang 'The Song of Innocence,' and Janeen wept, and when I had done my song I saw a small narrow door on my left which had not been there before, and Janeen took my hand and I kissed her. Strong and brave I felt, like an armoured knight, and I asked her who she was and whence she came and told her that I loved her.

"As to who she was she knew not, nor whence she came. Her name was Janeen, but she knew no more, only that she loved me and would stay with me to the end of eternity, go with me to the end of the world.

"She was more beautiful than any daughter of man, and I knew then that she had come out of the land of faerie.

"I am but a poor clerk," I said, and she answered 'You are a poet, or never would you have found me, and now our lives are mingled.'

"I opened the door on my left. It was a fitting room in the hat-shop, and a strange elongated man stood there fumbling deftly among the hat-boxes. Rows of hat-boxes. Round hat-boxes in rows, on shelves and racks, stretching out before us and on either side; and there were walking-sticks, upright like skeletons, and men's coats hanging like felons from the gallows-tree.

"The strange man mowed and mocked before us—grinning, importunate, vicious, yet dumb. His ears stood up to a point and were covered in short brown bristly fur.

"I took the still slumbering snake in my left hand and Janeen in my right, and we went forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but only steadfastly before us to the distant counters and the dim little oblong of light which was the door, and beyond which, as we neared it, the sane busyness of London made ever more clearly its comforting conglomerated roar.

"I spent my last thirty shillings in the hat-shop buying an overcoat for Janeen because she could not pass through the streets as she was, and I went to my employer, Mr. Ghun, and apologised courteously but unashamed for my absence, for I saw in astonishment that it was already early evening and the mail was due out.

"What is that you have in your hand?" asked Mr. Ghun, and I replied idly, without concern, 'A snake.'

"Strange," said Mr. Ghun and, locking the office, bade me good-night.

"I took Janeen home to my humble apartment, and as soon as might be we were married.

"That, gentlemen, is the only poor episode in my humble life that ever approached adventure. Do you think perhaps I dreamt?"

"Yes, Mr. Peccam-Rye," we answered with one voice.

He smiled deprecatingly and said, "You would. But you are young and wrong. It was all true. There is no explanation. I married Janeen, my adored, my ever-young, my faerie wife. I overcame my dislike of snakes, and the black serpent is still in our care. He catches mice and is tame and friendly.

"The manager of the tea-shop permitted me to examine the mirror and the panelling by which I had sat. When the decorators came in the spring I watched them take it down, but nothing lay behind save a wall of brick—old,

untouched. I went into the hat-shop, into all their fitting rooms; and they were nothing but fitting rooms, plain drab fitting rooms, little sordid cubicles. I never saw the strange waitress again, nor the hat-shop assistant with pointed furry ears. Do you think I am lying?"

"Yes, Mr. Peccam-Rye," we answered respectfully.

"I thought so," he said with a sigh. "Good night, gentlemen."

We answered softly and together, "Good night, Mr. Peccam-Rye," and all went home.

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Midlothian Menage

"Maid wanted, able to milk one or two cows, two in household: Midlothian."

Advt. in Edinburgh Paper.



"A parcel, Mary? How exciting—I wonder what it can be!"

At the Revue

"ALL CLEAR" (QUEEN'S)

MORE than any other actress I can think of, Miss BEATRICE LILLIE gives the impression of acting for her own pleasure rather than that of her audience. Even if an act of God or Hitler cleared the theatre of every other living soul, I feel her performance would go on undiminished, so great is the private relish which she seems to get from the delicate overtones of her burlesques. In her this is a distinct part of her genius.

She has something quite of her own to give us. No other woman at present fooling on our boards can get away with such coolly impudent inconsequence. She is STEPHEN LEACOCK in action. At the height of a gloriously purple passage of nonsense she glides without warning into altogether another dimension, so that it is impossible to tell if she is still guying what we may call Theme A, or is now guying herself guying Theme A, or is already guying herself guying herself guying Theme A. I suppose the answer is that, like LEACOCK, she is at heart a pure mathematician.

This quality of hers of supreme inconsequence has seldom been better served than in two of the four sketches written for this revue by Mr. NOEL COWARD. One, the better, is the last word that need ever be said on the *Espionage* school of dramatic writing. Its scene is a snow-girt waiting-room somewhere to the east of Europe, and the *Countess* (Miss LILLIE) is after ballistic secrets which a couple of officers are only too ready to give. As she rouses the passions of the soldiery and harvests the many spills of coded paper with which the waiting-room is pregnant, she laughs the gay flinty little laughs which have always been the monopoly of female spies. Everyone present is snooping for one Government or another, every word she utters is openly taken down in a

dozen languages. It is a first-class sketch.

The other shows a bored leading lady in her dressing-room raking in jewels from three suitors with a tragic indolence which fails to dim a calculating eye. Perfectly judged bathos is one of Miss LILLIE's strongest lines,

and this sketch gives her every opportunity to exercise it. Of Mr. COWARD's other contributions, one in which she describes a party in the South is a good lyric handled with infectiously malicious gusto; the other, to do with the love-life of neighbouring spinsters' cats, is good enough neither for her nor for Mr. BOBBY HOWES. These two are at their best together in a clever scene by Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE showing the reactions of two smart London choir-boys who have been evacuated to the depths of the countryside. Mr. NICHOLAS PHIPPS's song in which a zealous war-horse of the halls entertains the troops is the best of Miss LILLIE's other turns.

A well-balanced team supports her. Mr. FRED EMNEY is in particularly good form both at the piano and in a number of other capacities, including that of a barrage balloon, which is found to be smoking a cigar when hauled down. He and Mr. HOWES have a very funny sketch about two toting doctors prescribing for each other's hangover. The gentler side of the picture is safely left to Miss ADELE DIXON, who sings and dances on a sentimental plane with her usual nice judgment. Mr. ROBERT EDDISON, who has now established himself as an expert in all the furnishings of naivety, is frequently useful, and so is Miss JEAN GILLIE, a dancer as well as a general entertainer.

The revue is refreshingly unspectacular, and its effects have wit and taste as well as simplicity. For the evenness of its production bouquets must be given to Mr. HAROLD FRENCH.

At the first night an event occurred which must have made CINQUEVALLI turn in his grave with envy. Mr. HOWES, playing about with a suitcase full of old hats, kicked one into the stalls. A hand picked it up and nonchalantly whizzed it back to the stage, where, hovering for a second as hats will, it landed in the suitcase just as Mr. HOWES shut the lid. Reader, that hand was mine. And my left.

ERIC.



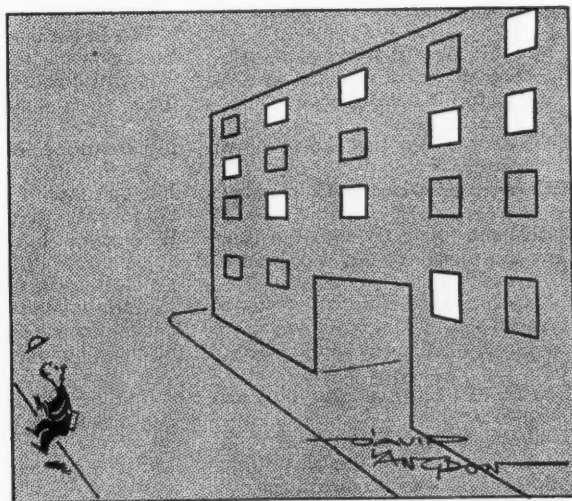
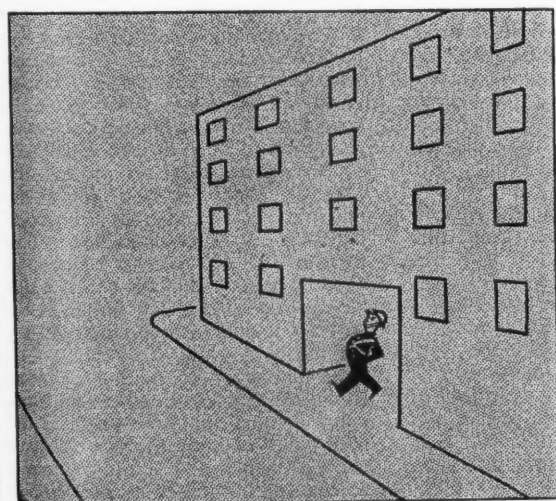
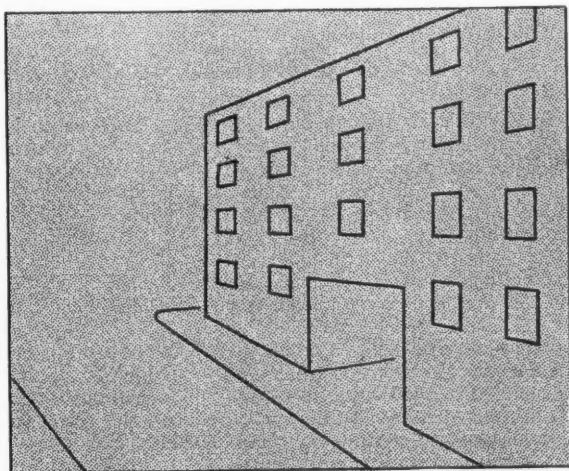
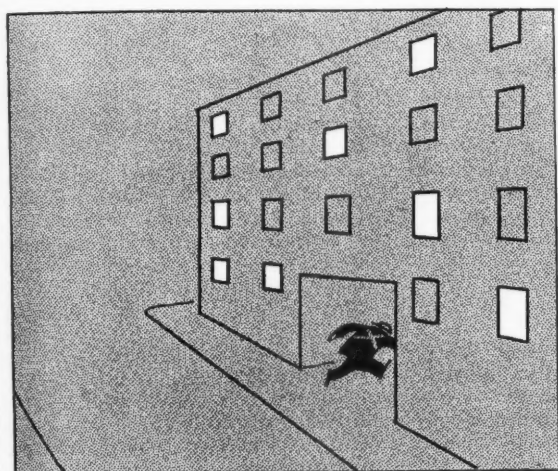
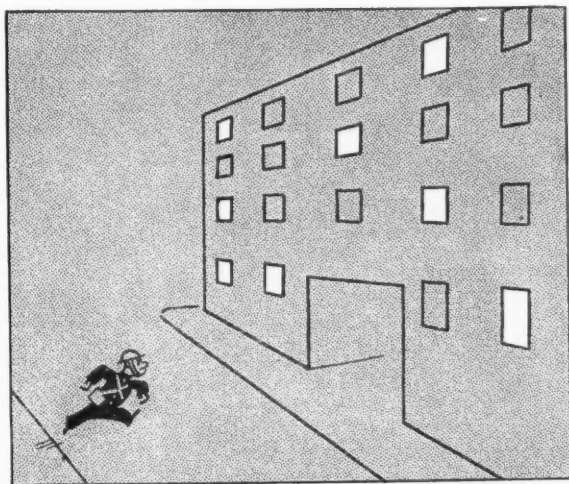
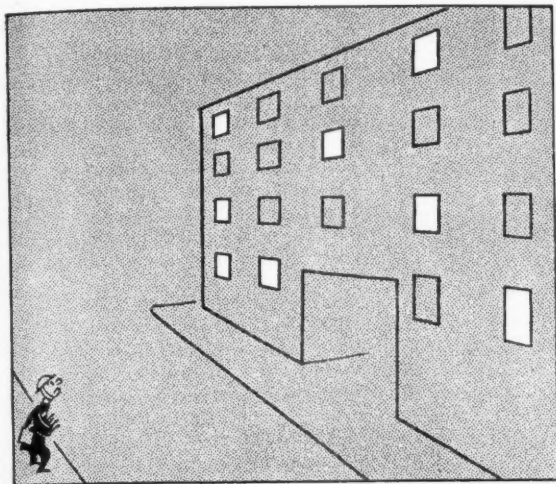
EVACUEES

Master Reggie MR. BOBBY HOWES
Master Ernest MISS BEATRICE LILLIE



THE INDEPENDENT ACCOMPANIST

MR. FRED EMNEY
MISS ADELE DIXON





"At least there's nothing to say they're not open."

A Sweet Disorder in the Dress . . .

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Betokens a fastidiousness,
A nice distinction of its own,
By which the wearer's nature's known.
It is not right nor natural
That living creatures, great and small,
Rotund and slender, young and old,
Should ape one pattern, nor one mould.
All trees are not design'd to be
Stale copies of one single tree:
Nor should one soldier, in his state,
All other soldiers emulate.
A shoulder-strap worn out of place
Lends to the form a careless grace;
And oftentimes a haversack
Is comelier worn front to back.

But this, though manifest to me,
The Sergeant-major does not see.
There is, to his unthinking eye,
No virtue in variety.
He does not see that boots grown grey
With age, or white with country clay,
Blend more discreetly with the view
Than their more careful neighbours do.
Puttees festooned about the feet,
Although less orthodoxly neat,
Are yet more eloquent to me
Of Nature and Humanity
Than those which, clinging taut and trim
About the confines of the limb,
Distort the beauty which they ape,
And, shapely, yet disfigure shape.

Nor does such natural logick less
Apply to Motion than to Dress.
The observer of the Spring's parade
Is not astonished nor dismayed
To find impinging on his gaze
Two cowslips facing diff'rent ways,
Or see reclined beneath one tree
A bluebell and anemone.
Where each manœuvre, on each hand,
Has been elaborately planned,
One action that seems undesigned
Bespeaks a nature-loving mind.
A rustick and an elvish charm
May lurk in a dis-Ordered Arm.
It symbolises human hope
If one Presents when others Slope.

But in the Sergeant-major's art
Such prettinesses play no part,
But Order and Disorder stand,
Two stern extremes, on either hand.
My comrades, in his view, should be
But dull facsimiles of me.
He takes no pleasure in the sight
If I turn left when they turn right.
To Nature's laws his soul is blind.
There is no musick in his mind.
To his uncomprehending eye
All must be uniformity,
And when divergences are seen
The prospect rouses in his spleen
The wrath of one too blind to see:
And all that wrath he vents on me.
P.B.

Letter to My Dog

MY DEAR HOUND,—So you're another bored evacuee? Your urban little soul is seared by divorce from the stinks and bustle of the city? Well, you must stay where you are. Mr. Chamberlain made it perfectly clear the other day in his appeal to parents that he wanted no foolish small things cluttering up the town, and if you don't fall into that category in spite of the vet saying you're really forty-two I don't know who does. Mr. Chamberlain is a very busy man, and time is worth several thousands a minute to him at the moment, otherwise he might have mentioned you by name.

And it's no good sending me plaintive messages that civilisation is crumbling around you just because you're having to fit into the cruder mould of rural life. It's crumbling around me too. When I discovered this morning that the barber I've taken ten years to train, a man who has worked over every gully and little outcrop of my scalp till he tells me he sometimes dreams of them, has been sucked into the three-pound maw of A.R.P. the crumbling became deafening.

You ought to be thankful you're not the mascot of a mine-sweeper, or within eating distance of the Red Army. You ought to be thankful Fate didn't draft you, as it so easily might have done, as pet to the Goebbels family, where you would have had to lick Goebbels every time you wanted a bit of *ersatz catwurst*, and bark the Horst Wessel dirge at the Goerings' dog whenever you came across him at parties. Think of having to give the Party-salute to Schicklgrüber when he dropped in to tea, and die for the Fuehrer, and be rude to nice dogs with round noses, and never, never know any better! Above all, of course, you ought to be very thankful that during the formative years of your life you've had the priceless privilege of my precept and example. Without these you would undoubtedly have been the most shocking little cad who ever walked on four legs; and I think you sometimes lose sight of the fact that the charm which strangers unaccountably find in you is entirely a synthetic product of my making.

Be that as it may, as they say in the House of Commons three or four times a minute, you are likely to waste the best years of your life if you don't make some attempt to adapt yourself to country life. You're now six, or



"I must design a 'Mind Your Head' notice for that door."

forty-two, and if the Government's prophecy is correct you will be nine, or sixty-three, when the struggle is over. It will be a pity if you pass those twenty-one prime years in snivelling about the dampness of the grass and the intellectual poverty of your new circle. When I consider that you and your kind were specially bred to rout foxes from their lairs among the rocks of the Highlands I am almost glad that Schicklgrüber laid hands on Warsaw and so made it inevitable that you will see a rabbit and possibly be bitten by a rat before you reach Nirvana. You will be a dog of broader mind for knowing the difference between a cow and a horse, and if you have any sense you will settle down to study the lore of path and coppice. I quite see that the squeaks of little birds warming up their engines are no substitute for the gladdening roar of Piccadilly traffic, that vegetable smells are pallid and uninspiring, and that it must be uncomfortable to meet so many dogs larger than you and reared with the sole object of tearing smaller animals to bits. But totalitarian war isn't fun for any of us. I had margarine for breakfast.

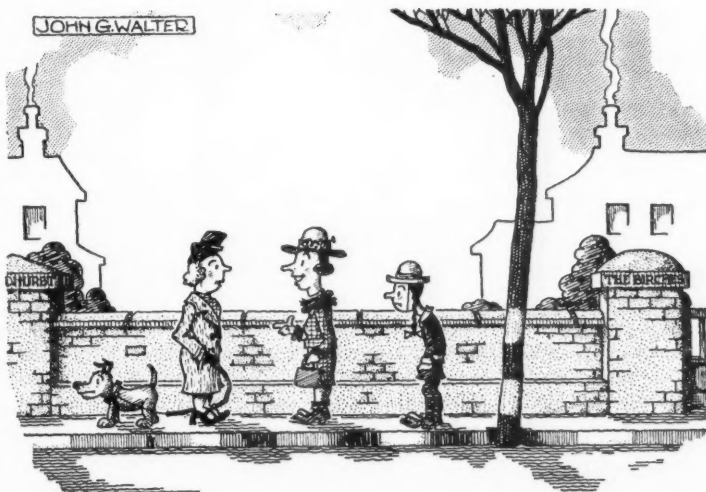
All the same your complaint that so far there has been no official recognition of what the war has done to the dog is a sound one. I admit I've been expecting daily to read that Sir Samuel

Hoare, speaking at Huddersfield, has said: "The Government are not only fully alive to the vast and far-reaching changes wrought by the terrible arbitrament of war in the lives of domestic pets and in particular in the life of that creature of settled and traditional habit, the dog, but they wish to

acknowledge the quiet and characteristic self-sacrifice with which the British dog, confident in the cool helmsmanship of the National Government, has sunk his individuality and thrown in his lot with the democracies. This is something which calls for our profound respect." (Loud and prolonged cheers.) But nothing of the sort has been said. Sir John Anderson has not put aside a single breath to apologise for the inroads his black-out has made on the night-life of the dog.

I have done as you asked and written to the War Office suggesting that you should form a brigade of dogs willing to give up their time to watching for German parachutists. A general has sent me back a nice long letter and enclosed eleven mauve forms, but the trouble is that each one of them asks what action you would propose taking if, in fact, you saw a pair of Nazi boots descending through the murk. Memories of what happened when the Macalister's ginger cat fell on your head two years ago make an honest answer very difficult, for I should imagine the average parachutist would be at least as well armed as the Macalister's cat. Perhaps you can think of a formula which will cover the point. I admit it would be fun if they had to give you a K.C.B. at the end of the war.

One further word. *Méfiez-vous, mon chien!* Careless yapping is as butter to the foe. *Espions!* The Vicar's dachshund's ears are to the ground. ERIC.



'YES, WE CALL HER 'PATIENCE' BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS EXHAUSTED.'



"Whole darn world seems topsy-turvy, if you ask me!"

Gravity in Blue

(Policemen of — Division have been instructed not to laugh when on duty.)

OUR remarkable police
As the guardians of the peace
Are reposeful and aloof to a degree;
The decorum they acquire
Is a thing that all admire;
Their solemnity is beautiful to see;
They are not allowed to grin
When they're running people in,
They must always rise superior to chaff,
And although they're only mortal
They must never, never chortle
Or upset their reputations with a laugh.

So don't try puns on a policeman,
Don't cheek the gentleman in blue,
Or you'll run against a snag
In his loathing of a wag,
Which is just the sort of thing you shouldn't do;
Don't, when he regulates the traffic,
Think that it's the moment for a joke,
For, however near the knuckle,
He's been told he's not to chuckle,
And you'll end by being sorry that you spoke.

There are means by which we draw
From the gravest a guffaw;
The insertion of a ferrule where he's soft,
Or a finger at the waist,
Though it's not the best of taste,
Has flattened out the haughty, well and oft;
But the peeler on his beat
Must be sober and discreet,
And abash the ready tickler with his mien;
If the sergeant saw him giggling
And ecstatically wriggling—
One's imagination boggles at the scene.

So don't go tickling a policeman,
Don't try to work him from behind,
For a vulnerable spot
Is a thing he hasn't got;
He's instructed to have nothing of the kind;
Don't run a brolly up his backbone,
Don't start fiddling with a cop,
Or I'll lay you level money
That it won't be half so funny
When you're doing seven days without the op.
DUM-DUM.

On Leave

Kensington, Dec. 14th.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—You can imagine how excited we all were to hear that you were coming home for ten days' leave. How glad you will be of a rest after all your hard work in France! I thought you wouldn't want to have to bother with arrangements, because I am sure you must be very, very tired, so I have fixed up everything from the moment you land at Sunsea until the moment you go away. I will meet you at Sunsea with the car, and we will drive straight to Beckhampton—it only looks about two hundred miles on the map—and spend the night with Uncle Charles and Aunt Jennifer. I know, just between ourselves, that in peace-time you always said that Uncle Charles and Aunt Jennifer gave you the pipe, but they would be awfully hurt if we did not look them up, especially as it may be a long time before we have you home again.

As soon as I had fixed up with Uncle Charles it flashed into my mind that old Great-Aunt Sarah lives quite near them—it doesn't look an inch more than sixty miles on the map. So I said to myself, "Why not kill two birds with one stone?" Of course there is really no particular reason why we should call on Great-Aunt Sarah, as we haven't seen her for years and years, but being so near it seemed a pity to miss the opportunity, and as I believe she is nearly blind and very deaf it will be an act of real kindness to cheer her loneliness.

As you haven't a home of your own, poor boy, I gave a great deal of thought as to where you would like to spend the actual Christmas, and then, as if in answer to prayer, a letter came from dear Uncle Richard saying that he would be delighted if we would both join his party. From his letter I gather that nearly all the family will be there, and we shall have a gay time, I am sure; though naturally, as you know, he can't allow any noise because the slightest sound completely undermines his nerves and they fly to his legs.

After Christmas there will still be three days left to kill, and I have fixed up a visit that I am sure you will find most interesting. You do not know him, but he is a Major Gooseby, who was in the Intelligence in the last war and is absolutely full of ideas about the proper way to run this one. He tried to get a job at the War Office, but petty jealousy on the part of somebody there kept him out. He is a most interesting talker, and gets so worked up when he starts that you simply can't stop him. He thinks they are doing things all wrong in France, and just between you and me he hasn't a very high opinion of either General Gamelin or Lord Gort. When he heard that you were in the Intelligence he said at once that he would like to meet you.

You said in your letter that what you wanted most was



"How many ration books did you get, Uncle?"

some golf, and you will be glad to hear that I have been able to arrange this. There is not an actual course near Major Gooseby's home, but a neighbour of his—another very interesting man named Pancks, who has invented a magnetic air-mine—has a very nice putting-course in his back garden, and says he will run the roller over it before you come if he has time.

Your affectionate Aunt,
EUNICE.

(TELEGRAM)

Somewhere in France.
Dec. 18.

Leave Cancelled Stop George.

Return of the Native

"YUS! Back again, dearie! I jus' couldn't stick it, Livin' like a queen on Maiden'ead Thicket. Gimme good old London, an' the country be blowed—I'm goin' to wait for 'Itler in the Old Kent Road!"

FEZ.

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Bribery?

"Recruiting for the three services was progressing very favourably, he said, and recruiting centres had beer established . . ."

N.Z. Paper.



"My idea is to train one pelican to do the work of a hundred pigeons."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Sea Power

THE *Life of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan*, written by Captain W. D. PULESTON of the United States Navy, and introduced by the Rt. Hon. DUFF COOPER (JONATHAN CAPE, 15/-), could hardly have appeared at a more appropriate time. It might conceivably be thought that writings on naval strategy which date from pre-aeroplane and to some degree pre-submarine days must be more or less obsolescent; but MAHAN's work as an historian stands the test of time. Just as he applied to the age of steam conclusions drawn from that of the galley and the trireme, so do his conclusions remain to-day largely unaffected by the developments recent years have brought. The basic principles to the exposition of which his life was devoted—sea power as the ultimate deciding factor in war, and the right, within humane limits, of belligerents to strike at enemy commerce as well as at fighting fleets—are now being put to the test, more, possibly, than even during the last war; and, as Mr. DUFF COOPER observes, "no doubt can exist that he would have reached the conclusion that those principles still hold good despite the introduction of a new weapon and the conquest of another element." It is of course mainly with MAHAN the historian that Captain PULESTON's book deals; but the glimpses it affords of its subject's character, especially that side of it which was rigid to the point of austerity, suggest how it comes about that NELSON's greatest naval biographer had so little sympathy for his human frailties.

More Knocks for Nordics

By a thousand subtle details of evidence ranging from a faith in the prophet ESDRAS to the Spanish taste for cooking with oil and onions, or from a cryptogram signature representing the shield of DAVID to a mocking crowd's ribald allusions to the shape of his hero's nose, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA demonstrates, at any rate to the satisfaction of any intelligent person not attached to an opposite school of thought, that the discoverer of America was by race if not by faith a Jew. The son of the weaver of Genoa, dreamer, pirate, slave-trader, who changed himself bit by

bit from plain *Christopher Columbus* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-) into The Very Magnificent Lord Don Christóbal Colón, is here depicted as a man burning himself to death in a fever of spiritual vision and crude megalomania. A thousand problems that have troubled scholars for centuries are illuminated by a realisation of his Semitic origin and of the care he took to cloud it. He lived in the days of the Inquisition. The writer sees him as something between a HITLER and an ISAIAH, with more than a dash of *Shylock* into the bargain. There is pleasant relief from his raptures and his pretensions in the generous integrity of FERDINAND and ISABELLA of Spain, who forgave all his iniquities, endured all his insolence and made his discoveries possible.

Siren Voices of the Orient

Escape with Me! (MACMILLAN, 12/6)—that is an attractive invitation in these times we live in, and doubly attractive when given by so accomplished a spellbinder as Mr. OSBERT SITWELL. It is to the East that he lures us, to Indo-China and to China, and his elaborate, polychrome, richly exfoliating prose—which pleases none the less for its reminders of such earlier masters as DE QUINCEY, PATER and PROUST—can evoke with equal magic the marvel and majesty of dead Angkor, the City of the King of the Angels, builded and superbly sculptured out of a cruel if poetic traffic in the wings of kingfishers, and the immemorial tradition and ever-living variety of Peking, which Mr. SITWELL refuses to call Peiping. Those two masterpieces of civic art, the one frozen and immutable (but for time's ravages) in the heart of a teeming forest, the other (in spite of political vicissitudes and the tremendous past which haunts it) still as contemporary and full of the future as London or Paris, are the twin centres of a book which contains much else, including some charming touches of autobiography; and the implicit contrast between them, marked by nicely calculated differences in the manner of writing of them, gives that book its form. Yet for all his deliberate artistry, his learning and sophisticated wit, Mr. SITWELL views the things of which he is here writing with the candid eye of a discoverer, and communicates to the reader not only his knowledge and discrimination but his surprise and wonder.

Mulier Fortis

Few fields of research are more fascinating than the obscure regions around an historical figure who stands in a solitary patch of limelight; and such a figure is WINIFREDE, Lady NITHSDALE, who rescued her Jacobite husband from the Tower in 1716. What befell the tragic couple before and after this episode is magnificently told by Miss HENRIETTA



"Will you please tell Doris that Gillyflower wishes to speak to him."



Gretchen. "WILL IT NEVER END? THINK OF OUR AWFUL RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE HUMANITY."
Hans. "AND THESE EVERLASTING SARDINES FOR EVERY MEAL."

Frank Reynolds, January 3rd, 1917

TAYLER, in *Lady Nithsdale and Her Family* (DRUMMOND, 15/-). The heroine was a heroine indeed: gallant, sensible, modest and devout; and she needed every cubit of her spiritual stature to cope with her misfortunes. First came her desperate journey on horseback from Scotland in mid-winter to free her husband. Then she rejoined him at the STUARTS' Court in Rome, and found him a common cadger, selfish and morose, whose only letters are applications for cash. Very little solace was hers, unless it was the place near "our little, deare young master," PRINCE CHARLIE, so long coveted and so long deferred. She was still paying her husband's debts when she died at seventy-seven. Both for its theme and its perfect balance of historical breadth and domestic intimacy this is a biography in a thousand.

"No Captain can do Wrong if . . ."—(Nelson)

The Navy is at war at the moment and the arrival of Admiral Sir WILLIAM JAMES'S *Blue Water and Green Fields*

(METHUEN, 8/6) will both interest and cheer a good many "wet, wakeful, windward-eyed" officers of the watch below. The greater part of the book consists of sketches (previously published in periodicals) and imaginative sketches of scenes of the eighteenth-century Navy—rather in the style of Mr. BELLOC's *The Eye-Witness*. All the chapters are good, especially the lectures, but Sir WILLIAM in his list of outstanding Naval commanders barely mentions BLAKE, who ranks with the greatest. Surely it cannot be because he was a "General-at-sea"? He is gently ironical on the subject of civilian criticism, as for instance: "They were burning Hawke's effigy as he was pressing on to Quiberon," and, referring to Admiral JELlicoe and the Grand Fleet after Jutland—"A British Prime Minister wrote—'There was an atmosphere of crouching nervousness.'" But he does not even hint at Naval opinions of civilian criticism—"What say they? Let them say." The last six sketches are of shooting expeditions round the Mediterranean, where the woodcock and the partridges are

now poached and netted into scarcity. Again, the watch below of many brass-bound men will be lightened by memories of such delightful gun-picnics ashore.

Set in Somerset

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH's new novel, *Urchin Moor* (MACMILLAN, 8/6), is one of those books which seem rather uncertain in their aim until the reader has attained the perspective afforded by the last page. It is the story of a woman who married a house, for to *Julia* lovely old "Cardwells" and its gardens, and the beauty that she restored to it, and *James* her stepson, who was to inherit it, mattered much more than did *Ryack*, her husband. Really it was quite natural that he should find in another woman something that his wife had never given him, but otherwise he is a rather unnatural character, and when a curiously unreal catastrophe overwhelms him at the end of the book it makes little impression on the reader's heart. From some points of view *Urchin Moor* looks rather like an early novel brought up to date for publication, but the story is essentially entwined with our present distresses. Some of the people in it have that stir of authentic life that we expect in creatures of Miss ROYDE-SMITH's imagination, and the setting—the lovely old house, the Somersetshire coast on the Severn Channel—is beautiful and beautifully described.

Interiors

An instructive picture-book that is also funny is Mr. OSBERT LANCASTER's *Homes Sweet Homes* (MURRAY, 6/-), in which he describes the interiors of those buildings the outsides of which he dealt with so entertainingly a year ago in *Pillar to Post*. The method is the same: on the left-hand page a prose summing-up of a period in history, full of sociological information wittily conveyed, and on the right-hand page an illustrative pen-drawing done with Mr. LANCASTER's almost unique blend of naïvety, acidity and fun. The periods are thirty-four, in chronological order from "Norman," "Gothic," "Tudor," "Elizabethan," through "Early Victorian" and "Greenery Yallery" and "Stockbrokers' Tudor" down to "Functional" and "Even More Functional" (an A.R.P. Wardens' Post). The book is amusing, informative and well worth buying.

Said with Flowers

The secret of her success in life and literature almost gives itself away in Lady FORTESCUE's autobiography, *There's Rosemary . . . There's Rue . . .* (BLACKWOOD, 12/6). It is plain that she loves her own with a cherishing and instinctive tenderness that has throughout her life met with due return, and in such an atmosphere has been able

to confront hard work, losses, and grief itself, with courage and to keep the sparkle of her humour and the enthusiasm of her love of beauty. It is this charming outlook which will make this book, like *Perfume from Provence*, a joy for ever in the reader's memory. Without pretending that her loved ones are faultless, she yet shows them in the happiest light; her full-length portrait of that very great gentleman, Sir JOHN FORTESCUE, the Historian of the British Army, is a moving, human and lovely thing. Her early days on the stage, her romantic marriage, her excursions into the world of commerce—and into the pages of *Punch*—are all described, and her innocent and never competitive delight in her own looks and abilities, and in all the finest qualities of her friends too, adorns the charming tale.

Vigour

Achilles (MURRAY, 6/-), "being the Iliad of Homer and the Wooden Horse," has been told so attractively in English by Dr. W. H. D. ROUSE that it should appeal to all unsophisticated people, whatever their age may be. Indeed it is possible that those of us who have closely studied these adventures will be interested and conceivably amused by the treatment they have received from an interpreter whose methods are nothing if not simple and robust. An extra special word of praise must be given to Mr. WILL OWEN's well-drawn and informing illustrations. No one, for instance, who looks at "Achilles Himself was Killed" is likely to forget where that temperamental warrior's weak spot could be found.



"I see the prisoners that escaped on page 8 have been caught in the Stop-press."

Shocks and Shares

Accomplished hoodwinker as Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE's "Scarecrow" is, it still remains possible to think that some of those who chased him in *The Courageous Exploits of Dr. Syn* (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6) were almost incredibly stupid. No one, however, who is acquainted with this pirate-turned-parson could wish that he should speedily be caught, and his latest adventures are quite as illegal and ingenious as any of his former transactions. Among rogues of fiction *Dr. Syn* deserves a seat side by side with the most dishonourable of his fellows, but though he is thoroughly wicked he is also supremely audacious, and it is easy to forgive the crimes of one who sins so entertainingly.

The 1940 edition of *Whitaker's Almanack* is astonishingly up-to-date and includes, for instance, the new Government of Finland and the Soviet "puppet" Government, besides recording innumerable other war-time changes all over the world. The index is enlarged, and there are all the usual features that make this unique volume so valuable.

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